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# DAYBREAK EVERYWHERE

CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE



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# Daybreak Everywhere

BY  
CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE

"Out of the shadows of the night  
The earth rolls into the light;  
It is daybreak everywhere."

—*Longfellow*



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN  
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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## FOREWORD

THE sunrise is nature's most marvelous apocalypse. "When morning gilds the skies" the awakening heart breaks forth into rapturous praise. Nothing seems more interminable than a long night of fearful forebodings, but with the morning the shadows flee away and renewed hope comes with the break of day. The night is the promise of the day, and the morning light will ever follow the midnight gloom until that ecstatic eternal morning whose radiant sun shall know no setting.

There have been many glorious mornings in the hurrying years, but none more significant, because of its glad consummation and its happy prophecies, than this auspicious daybreak which "dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray."

"The day begins to break, and night is fled  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veiled the earth."

We who are alive to-day have the high privilege of participating in the most thrilling epoch of all history. Never again with pessimistic tones should we talk about the world's problems and impossibilities, for problems are only opportunities, and impossibilities are only calls to immediate achievement. How can sensible people talk any longer about the world getting worse?

This little volume is an unpretentious con-

tribution to the sentiment that there is a steady evolution of the good, and that each passing decade is witnessing an approach to the fulfillment of the scriptural promise: "For evildoers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth." It is difficult for the author to differentiate between a gloomy pessimism and an absolute distrust in the God of the ages, and so he is quite impatient with those undoubtedly devout people who have become obsessed with a depressing outlook upon people, things, and events.

The daybreak of every morning is our daily lesson in a sensible optimism.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

THE AUTHOR.

Los Angeles, California, August, 1919.

# I

## THE REBIRTH OF LIBERTY

A soldier boy in France writing home to his friends in Los Angeles, under date of November 13, 1918, says:

"DEAR FOLKS: My eyes have seen the birth of a new world, and I am still dazed with the awe of it. I am glad that I have been permitted to contribute my humble part in bringing it about.

"It seemed as I awoke on the morning of the 11th that hell itself had broken its bounds and invaded this land. Used as I had become to the noise of battle, still the pandemonium of that morning seemed terrific as the big guns hurled forth their charges of death and destruction with ceaseless roar, as the giant shells passed screaming overhead and burst with thundering crashes, and as the many fleets of airplanes with unmuffled engines circled about before heading for enemy territory. The air we breathed seemed to be charged with a sense of impending events—but what?

"Suddenly, with an abruptness far more startling than seems possible, all noise ceased. The terrible guns became mute, the screaming shells flew no more nor burst with their terrific thundering. Everything became hushed and still, and nature herself stopped breathing and seemed to say 'What next?' But soon came stealing up the valley the sound of a church bell, then another, and another, till from all directions came the sweet tones of church bells that had been silent as the grave for four long years. Such a heaven-born sweetness I have never heard before, and its effects upon me as I stood there with bared head seemed to touch the bottommost depths of my soul. 'Peace on earth, good will to men,' I muttered, instinctively. Truly, I must be viewing the birth of a new world."



## CHAPTER I

### THE REBIRTH OF LIBERTY

THE eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1918 will go down into the years as the greatest day in the history of humanity.

There is only one other day which transcends it in sacredness and that was the day when a manger in Bethlehem became the cradle of a new-born King and the angels from heaven sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men." That momentous hour was the incarnation of human liberty; an angel announced it and a celestial chorus, an innumerable throng of heavenly beings, made glad the advent morning.

November 11, 1918, is the day when the purposes of the birth of Christ reached their fullest fruition. It was the day of liberty's enthronement. Might and force had been abjectly defeated, and the "illicit ambitions" of selfishness had been forever rebuked, and once more meekness and love and justice and righteousness have been exalted.

Never was there such a day of jubilation and joy. On the advent morning there were no followers of the Incarnated Liberty to make the earth echo with happy hallelujahs, and so the angels furnished the swelling oratorios; but on Monday,

November 11, 1918, a multitudinous host of earthly lovers of liberty surged up and down the streets and avenues of the cities and towns, and along the lanes and highways of the countryside, and rejoiced hilariously and thankfully. It was the rebirth of liberty. It was another Christmas day, and a mighty company of earth's happiest souls made the world rejoice as it had never before rung with the pæans and praises of righteousness triumphant.

It marked the end of the holiest war in all history, because the most sacred fundamental ideals of humanity and of righteousness had been assailed. An obsessed autocracy, like a mad bandit and murderer, held up a peaceful and unsuspecting world, and it ruthlessly and brutally trespassed upon all the holiest possessions of the soul. The law of the jungle was to replace the law of love, and might was to be exalted above right, and a savage *Kultur* above all Christian Culture. The Ten Commandments were to be abrogated and despised, and the Sermon on the Mount thrown into the discard; and gentleness and meekness and love and justice were all to be unpardonable sins. All of this because a Junker militarism was intoxicated with a frenzy for world domination.

And how nearly these human demons came to realizing their diabolical designs almost makes our heart stand still as we remember that a hundred days before the savage Huns were for the second time within forty miles of Paris and a few furlongs

of the Channel; but a God in heaven and a mighty host of invincible chevaliers on earth stood firm for liberty, and to-day the most disgraced and insufferable personality in history is William Hohenzollern, the erstwhile Kaiser and chief offender of the predatory Potsdam gang.

As we get farther and farther away from the bloody Berlin world-hold-up, the longer perspective will help us to a clearer understanding of the real causes of the war. More and more shall we find that truth and civilization were hanging in the balance, and that the enemies of mankind saw plainly that military domination could not be secured without the utter humiliation and destruction of Christianity.

We are beginning now to see why womanhood was dishonored and childhood was despised, and churches and costly cathedrals were destroyed. Plainly it was because Christianity glorified motherhood and sanctified childhood, and taught that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that a little child shall lead them; all of these sacred ideals were enshrined in the coming of a Bethlehem Baby on the first Christmas morning.

German materialism was very much irritated at such weak sentimentalism, and, cooperating with a mad militarism armed to the teeth, it purposed to invalidate all of the teachings of the lowly Nazarene by literally wiping Christianity, its Christ, and its Christmas from the earth; and thus demonstrating not that love but that hate is

the greatest thing in the world, not that the meek but the mighty shall inherit the earth, and not that a little child but that a proud, arrogant, defiant, modern Attila with uncontrolled instincts of cruelty, should seize the crown from the Bethlehem mother and the scepter from her manger Child! But "who was this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" Only another haughty garrulous Goliath, who was at length shorn of his power, so soon as the spirit of righteousness and truth and justice became aroused and organized.

Is it not a tragic irony of fate that the same people who gave us all of the tender and exquisite legends of old Santa Claus, should also send out into the world the most Satanic influence, which, in order to establish itself, must betray all the romantic traditions of the Christmastide?

Among the psychological and moral causes of the world war there is the conspicuous one that for many decades a destructive criticism, which was aimed at the very soul of Christianity, had been propagated by certain German scholars. Materialism and militarism were the other two partners in this malevolent triumvirate. Professor Cram, in his book, *Germany and England*, published before the war, says frankly that the destruction of Christianity itself was one of the ignoble purposes of German scholars. He prophesied the founding of a great world empire under the masterful domination of Germany, and de-

clared that "Germany is also preparing to create a world religion."

The arrogance of the Kaiser and Von Hindenburg was equaled by the haughty superiority of the defiant scholars and materialists of Germany. There were other bandits besides those who carried swords. Never before was there such a diabolical conspiracy against Christian ideals and the welfare of mankind. The university, and even the church, joined in the crusade. Nothing was to be left of British and French and American ideals—the whole vast world was to be completely Germanized.

It was bad psychology, it was bad militarism, and it was bad morals when the Kaiser led his fierce assault upon the Christ-child and his mother. No man of intelligence or supposed Christian culture ever hurled such a bitter defiance in the face of high heaven as did Kaiser William when he started out to drive the Christmas Child out of the affections and loyalty of a Christian age. He was so obsessed with his dream of world power that he lost his judgment.

Some faltering folk in these tragic, uneasy, after-the-war days have feared for the security of the Christian's belief in God. It is well known that among the pagans it is a custom to destroy favorite idols for not preventing calamity. And so to-day there are some people who are talking about a "new idea" of God, by which they mean, of course, a new God, as if God could be made by men.

But it is to be observed that no person who has been earnestly devoted to his faith is raising any doubtful question at this time; it is only people like Mr. H. G. Wells, who acknowledge that religion has been given a very small place in their lives, but, having experienced a change of heart on account of the tragical exigencies of those fearful war times, are not only seeking, after long indifference, the shelter of holy altars, but with startling audacity they arrogate to themselves the right to reconstruct the theology of those who, even in the trying ordeals of the world crisis, never for a moment faltered in their faith in the God of Elijah and of Paul.

People are very little interested in a new God, another Christ. A few years ago a retired college president, with astounding arrogance, announced a new religion, which was nothing less than a recrudescence of Arianism, intermingled with some old, moldy, and abandoned mummies from the sarcophagi of former ages.

The statement of this former leader in the thought of his generation produced merely a seven days' wonder. Who now cares anything about it? It has gone to the scrap-heap, where it will find good company and undisturbed oblivion with the literary vanities of the past. While multitudes read Mr. Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* with great profit, who cares anything about his more recent books on his "new religion"?

No man leaves much of a legacy to humanity

who spends his time trying to patch up God, and creating little deities of his own, and who is always wondering what the world would have missed if he had not come to instruct it. An old lady, thinking to compliment her minister, said, "We never knew what sin was till you came among us."

Dr. Eliot's pragmatic pantheism died in early infancy because it was utterly inadequate for all moral and spiritual emergencies; it had no carrying quality, no momentum, no destination! It had no pardon for sin, and no hereafter. An emasculated Christianity is no Christianity. Men will not tolerate a religion to-day that leaves Christ out—the supernatural Christ—the Son of God—the Son of man. And Mr. Wells is in the same predicament.

A clever liberal preacher in this country gave up his pulpit, because he said: "You cannot save people's souls by preaching moral essays to them. Saving souls may be nonsense, but these earth children seem to hunger for some such thing as that, for something that has a scheme of sacrifice and redemption in it, that lies beyond and behind the sky, where is a Person who is more than man." And he resigned his pulpit.

The world does not want a Christ who cannot save unto the uttermost. Men will not long worship a God which they have made with their own hands; and a man seeking for truth will not submit to the leadership of anyone who cannot

guide to divine levels. A merely human Christ cannot redeem the world, will not satisfy the soul, nor solve the mysteries.

The world will never outgrow Christ, because he came to heal the world's wounds, and assuage the world's sorrows, and solve the world's mysteries, and stop the world's wars, and forgive the world's sins, and to point the world to an eternal paradise, and to be a friend to a lonely and tired and forsaken humanity.

A soldier<sup>1</sup> tells that at the battle of Lens they fought until they were nearly exhausted. He says that in one day his command repulsed four counter-attacks by the enemy. They kept it up four days and nights, working, watching, fighting, with only a few moments of sleep snatched now and then. When at last they were relieved and at midnight started back to their billets eight miles in the rear, many of the men dropped out, one by one, from sheer fatigue. The others plodded on. He says:

"We had gone back quite a long way when those of us who were still trudging ahead heard the sound of the bagpipes—faint at first, but growing nearer all the time. And they were playing, 'The Campbells are Coming!' Instinctively we straightened our weary backs, held our heads higher, and began to *march*—not to *plod*. It was the brigade pipers; and when they met us they wheeled about and played us in, the bag-

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<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Ernest G. Odell in the *American Magazine*.



pipes shrilling 'The Campbells are Coming', and 'Cock o' the North,' and airs like that."

Then the pipers went back to pick up the stragglers, and they played them in too. Over and over again they did this, bringing the men by twos and threes, and even one man at a time. It was daybreak before the last tired soldier was brought back.

In these fierce and fatiguing battles of life it is the music of the old faith and the old truths that will buoy our flagging feet. We must keep up the old cheery music of Moses and the Lamb until we have played and sung a tired and wounded humanity safe home—home to the old fireside of love—home to the Father heart. A "new God" may satisfy foolish philosophers who do not acknowledge the need of any God, but a humanity that is battling for the freedom of the world, and is worn out and wounded, will be satisfied with nothing short of the

"Faith of our Fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword."

This great world crisis is the apotheosis of Christianity. The world war was not precipitated because of the failure of Christianity, but because of the triumphs of Christianity. The temptation of Jesus by Satan was not because Christ had faltered, but because he was on the threshold of mighty achievements. The crucifixion of Jesus was not because he had utterly failed in his three

years of earthly ministry, but because of his transcendent triumphs.

Kaiserism was an evil born out of due time. It sought to prevent the steady growth of freedom and democracy. When the Satan of a selfish and cruel autocracy saw that a government of and by and for the people was rapidly spreading over the world, and that imperialism would be doomed unless this onward march could be peremptorily stopped, the Kaiser and his conspirators designed, and precipitated, and carried on the fiercest, most terrible war of the ages. If they had succeeded in their base schemes, then pessimistic saints and carping critics might have cried out in either dismay or triumph that Christianity is a failure. And if Christianity had not been able to arouse and array itself against this modern diabolism, it would have registered a defeat, and might have been pronounced a failure; but just as Christianity was not a failure in the beginning because "Get thee behind me, Satan!" quickly disposed of the foul tempter, so once more "Get thee behind me, Satan," defeated the arch enemy of God and of humanity, and compelled the defiant Beast of Berlin to ask for peace terms.

That Christianity had vitality and wisdom and courage and force and stratagem and faith sufficient to meet this frightful assault upon its ideals and its institutions indicates the glory, the divinity, the permanency, the virility, and the holy origin of the good tidings which Jesus lived and

died and rose again to establish among men on everlasting foundations.

The overthrow of the Kaiser is Christ's great victory over the powers of death and darkness, and we have already entered upon a new and brighter day. The final overthrow of all the forces of evil, and the dawn of the holy millenium, will be hastened hundreds of years because of the victories now being achieved for justice and freedom and righteousness.

To-day, as never before, Christ's is the name above every name, and the triumphs of the hour are the glorious transfiguration of Christ and his gospel of good will and sacrifice.

A Jewish rabbi invidiously declared the other day that in the future events would be measured not by A. D. and B. C. but by "Before and after the Great War," and that 1914 in the reconstructed calendar would be the Year I.

It would be well for this apostle of modern Judaism to reread his Gamaliel and listen once more to the old Jewish scholar as he says: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Instead of relegating to oblivion the "Year of our Lord" and "Before Christ" this great victorious war for the freedom of humanity will more than ever accentuate the birth year of the Christ of Bethlehem.

Never was Christ so regnant in the heart of

humanity, and never has any year been more characteristically a year of our Lord than the year when a savage and brutal military autocracy received its death blow.

I would not claim for myself that I am a connoisseur, but I am quite bold enough to assert that I saw an extraordinarily masterful Pygmalion in an art store in an Eastern city the other day. It was by an English painter and had just arrived from London. In the dim background of the canvas was the artist's conception molded in the clay as is the wont of sculptors. In the foreground was the sculptor's perfect ideal carved out of purest marble, an exquisite masterpiece of faultless design and proportions. Long and hard had been the happy labors of the tireless sculptor to compel the marble to surrender its secret and realize to him his most perfect dream. It is now a complete and brilliant apotheosis of the divinely beautiful female form.

But as Pygmalion has patiently toiled upon his masterpiece he has fallen passionately in love with this marble creation of his own soul; and the ingenious artist represents him as on his knees with his head bowed and his hands clinging to the feet of the statue in earnest supplication to his favorite god to endow his statue with life. As he continues his prayer with importuning tenacity, the figure is represented as coming gradually to life as one hand is stretched upward and the soft pink tint of real life creeps into the matchless form.

The further story, not seen of course in the painting, is that with rapturous joy the sculptor embraces Galatea as a perfect gift from heaven, and she becomes his loving wife and the devoted mother of his children.

This noble classic of legendary lore comes to us with the exquisite suggestion that we may labor with such noble devotion for the perfection of our holy ideals that by and by they may become a vitalized reality and find faithful exemplification in our own humble lives, the source of our supremest joys and the inspiration of our most self-sacrificing service to God and humanity.

Christ is our perfect ideal. When the rich young ruler came and asked for an ideal, Jesus told him to give all he had to the poor and come and follow him. The young man was not willing—he considered the sacrifice too great. Unselfish ministry to humanity about us is the holiest earthly ideal and opens at last the gates of everlasting glory. If we should endeavor to achieve such an ideal, there would be another coming of Christ to our home, our church, our country, and our world; and when Christ shall thus come in humble human lives like our own, then all wars and woes will cease, and the peace which passeth all understanding shall bless humanity, and liberty born and reborn shall reach its full fruition in the joyous New Day whose sun shall never set.



## II

### TIME A JUST RETRIBUTOR

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are  
stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.—*Frederich von Logaw.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.—*Bible Proverb.*



## CHAPTER II

### TIME A JUST RETRIBUTOR

THERE is a statement in the Bible, no less startling because it is most familiar, which, with notable directness, declares: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Whether we consider this declaration from a biological, psychological, civil, military, ethical, or religious point of view, it is so uniformly true that it may be accepted as an axiom from which there is no deviation.

It is one of those laws in the natural world which have very illuminating analogy in the spiritual world. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Even the most sanguine optimist in the marvelous orchards and fields of nature would not be foolish enough to expect to find grapes and figs among thorns and thistles, and yet why are there tragic illustrations of the folly about us continually of persons who are otherwise fairly wise concerning the habits of shrub and tree life who in their moral habits behave as if it were absolutely certain that thorns and thistles would produce grapes and figs?

The Creator maintains the order of the universe by certain immutable laws of equilibrium and

compensation. If a person might sometimes sow thistles and reap grapes, it would be likewise just as possible that he might sometimes sow grapes and reap thistles. There would be great confusion in all of nature's activities if some conditions were not inexorably fixed.

If a horticulturist would be considered an idiot as he sought for figs among thistles, why is his idiocy any less pronounced when he expects to gather the fruits of a well-spent life from years of the sowing of wild oats?

By every possible object lesson God seeks to prepare man for the consequences of his evil deeds. It was true in all the long centuries before Paul wrote it in his letter to his friends in Galatia, and it has been an unwavering principle present in the experiences of mankind throughout all the succeeding years.

The critical events of the last five years are an added attestation. "It is a long lane which does not have any turning." The military program of an arrogant autocracy has been marked by criminal conquest ever since the Hohenzollern dynasty was established in the swamps of Prussia four centuries ago. Except for the rebuke with which Napoleon for a time retarded the progress of those European highwaymen, the haughty monster, with a mania for territorial aggrandizement and world domination, has increased in power, wealth, pride, and defiance. But the lane found its long-delayed turning on the eleventh day of

the eleventh month of the year of our Lord 1918—and "God is not mocked."

The word "retribution" is not in the Bible, but the familiar word "punishment" is often found. Again and again we are told that "the wages of sin is death," and that "the wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." Again and again God says, "I will punish," and Jesus even said of those who would not treat their fellows with consideration and kindness that they should go away into "everlasting punishment."

The ancients in their mythology deified Nemesis as a goddess of divine retribution. And everywhere in ancient, mediæval, and modern times retribution is written upon the records of those who attempted to mock God and sought to deceive him; and soon discovered that "they that sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

"Retribution" is not a beautiful word, but it should not be omitted from our familiar vocabulary. The recent years have written a new and tragic meaning into it.

It is now quite reliably authenticated that the easy overthrow of Russia by Germany can be attributed to the clandestine cooperation of the Czarina, who was a German princess, a cousin of the Kaiser, and a partisan of the Central Powers. There seems to have been continual communication between the Russian court and the German military command, and there is conclusive evidence that the Russian people were betrayed into

the hands of the enemy by the members of the royal household. Through her conspiracies and treacheries the Czarina effected the ruin of Russia, her adopted country, and the defeat of the armies and the collapse of the entire political structure. But how quickly did dire disaster and retribution come! Soon her entire family was driven into distress and exile, the husband and son killed.

The whole story is most pitiful and startling, and is a classic instance of swift retribution.

Never was a more palpable and heinous crime committed against another nation and against civilization than when the unconscionable Bismarck forged a telegram in order to furnish a pretext for a war against France back in 1870. There were exhaustless mineral stores in the provinces of France which bounded Germany on the west, toward which she had looked enviously for years, and the iron and coal there found in abundance would be needed by the predatory Prussians, as they were already planning world domination, and "the man of blood and iron" was determined to possess them. Germany had no lofty ideal for which to fight. She built up her military machine to a point which made the French army despicable, and the Franco-Prussian war was nothing but a villainous holdup. Among all the crimes to the credit of the Hohenzollerns none surpassed the cold-blooded intent which resulted in the easy conquest of Napoleon III and the surrender of

France at Sedan September 1, more than forty years ago. Out of that ignoble victory Bismarck was able to consolidate all of the smaller states into a formidable organization, and the king of Prussia, William I, became the emperor of the new German empire.

It was a colossal wrong; and France, proud and noble, suffered the greatest humiliation in her history. Marshal MacMahon's defense was valiant and brilliant, but he was compelled after a bitter fight, which cost the Germans a big price in dead and wounded, to surrender more than eighty thousand heroic French troops; and, beside all the cruel devastations of war, Germany seized Alsace and Lorraine and compelled France to pay an indemnity of two billions of dollars; and the Prussians added to their infamous record of robbery and murder.

France never forgot nor forgave this crime against her dignity and her liberties, and an advancing civilization never forgave nor forgot it. But the Prussians, knowing that Germany needed another large indemnity to prosecute wars of aggression, determined that the first day of August, 1914, was the time to put Bismarck's declaration into demonstration, and went forth to "bleed France white."

But France was better prepared this time for the Berlin bandits; and France had many friends; and France was ready to fight for her homes and her sacred altars; and France was reenforced and

inspired by righteous ideals; and France had the word of God; and France believed in the inexorable law of retribution administered by a righteous God; and so once again, after four years of the bloodiest war of the ages, the armies of France met the German bandits at Sedan—yea, at Sedan. Never has there been a more forceful application of the law of retribution which follows the steps of the sinner against God and humanity than that these belligerent nations should meet once again at Sedan. It was a pity that the Iron Duke could not have been there to feel the scorpion lashes of his own fatal Nemesis, but another man was there who in his early youth had been unspeakably humbled at the first battle of Sedan. One man was there who in his ardent young manhood felt the sting and dishonor of defeat and surrender, and for nearly fifty years has believed that God's laws of justice would some day be vindicated—yes, he was there—General Foch was there, guiding with unerring purpose and masterful strategy. The divine law of retribution was operating there also, and the second Sedan wiped out the infamy of the first Sedan, and not only visited upon Germany ignominious defeat and disaster, but a righteous God then and there gave the Potsdam highwaymen their death-blow and sent the Hohenzollern dynasty reeling into shameful discard. Yes, it is a long lane which has no turning. Every infraction of law and every offense against God and humanity has

to be atoned for and made right. The reaping follows the sowing—"God is not mocked."

The law of retribution is founded as much in infinite love as in infinite justice. If there were no penalties attached to wrongdoing, soon the evil-doers would fill the whole earth, and the world would become the abode of degenerates and devils. But God administers a law which also places a holy premium on purity, and meekness, and justice, and love. God's code of morals contains the straightforward announcement: "Evil-doers shall be cut off. . . . For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace."

The Holy Scriptures are very familiar with the beautiful words "recompense" and "reward," for just as misfortune inevitably results from the sowing of wild oats and wicked deeds, so do the fine fruitions of life come from the faithful sowing of good seed. It is a comfort to know that there is a benign law, which is beneficently inexorable in its fulfillment, that if a man sows good seed, he will not find a harvest of tares. The prizes of life come to those who have patiently planted the good seed.

It is a continuous mystery and miracle how a tiny seed placed in the ground will come forth later as a flower, or a fruit, or a tree. How boundlessly resourceful was the mighty Creator who

could endow a handful of homely dirt and deposit a microscopic secret in an unseemly grain of wheat or corn, and, each responding to the other, produce a food for man which could be mysteriously transmuted into intellect, and will, and love—all of this because like produces like.

That is a quaint Bible phrase “the recompense of reward,” and nowhere is it so expressive and impressive as when the writer of the Hebrews says of Moses that he “refused to be called the son of Pharaoh’s daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of reward.”

Moses chose to sow the good seed of fidelity to his God rather than to sow the seed of “the pleasures of sin for a season,” for he knew what the harvest would be. O the game of life is too soon over to make a crucial blunder in the spring-time of life when the seed is sown.

All of us have lived long enough to see what bitter apples of Sodom are gathered from bad seed. We have likewise lived long enough to see how those useful people live to a venerable and happy old age who honor the law of the good seed and the law of inevitable growth. There is more good seed in the world than bad—the harvests of recompense and reward are greater than the harvests of punishment and retribution. Evil-



doers are soon cut off, and their names and places are hard to find, but the meek shall inherit the earth.

An impending hour of retribution awaits any man and any set of men who attempt to fight against God, and who endeavor to reverse the verdicts of history and justice. There are righteous judgments that must in the end prevail. Forty-eight years ago, when the German empire was organized, Bismarck, the champion of the doctrine of might, was a rank materialist. The professors who were suborned by the government boldly announced that Germany would present a new religion to the world, and that Christianity, weak and sentimental, with its devotion to the doctrines of right and brotherly love, must be destroyed.

It is a pretty big undertaking for a little man to try to blow out the light of the sun, or to dig a hole in which to bury Mont Blanc, or to stop a Niagara with the palm of his hand, or to bale out an ocean with his tin dipper; but any of these was a more possible undertaking than that a group of arrogant materialists could stop the progress of truth and righteousness. There are some things that are as fundamental as is gravity to nature, but nothing more so than is the reach of the human soul after God—the filial love of the human soul for the infinite heavenly Father. Atheism is the absurdest thing in the universe, and it is utterly repugnant and foreign to a normal soul. The arch

prophet of the Bismarckian era of rationalism was Frederick Nietzsche, who went crazy trying to press God out of his universe. All his writings are like the rantings of an erratic brain in a madhouse. There is not a scintilla of the spiritual in all the utterances of his philosophy.

I have forgotten which one of the ancient philosophers it was who said that there was never a city founded without faith in God. It was the fantastic vanity of the Potsdam premier that with the well-organized shock troops of Prussianism it would be easy to drive the Almighty from his throne and give the scepter to some Hohenzollern highwayman.

The German empire was the shortest-lived empire in all the history of the carnal ambitions of man. The Berlin bandits could steal provinces from Denmark and France, and could subjugate an emasculated Austria, but right and truth rule conjointly over an imperishable Kingdom, and it took just forty-eight short but tragic years to utterly stultify the purposes of Prussianism and invalidate the haughty presumption of Kaiserism: "I have the right to do what I have the might to do."

Bismarck failed—he was doomed to fail. Icarus could not explore the sun because his wings were of wax. Bismarck could not overthrow the right because might has no poisoned arrows that will reach up to the habitations of God. The Germans have always been poor psychologists. Ar-

mies, and navies, and intrigue, and duplicity are strong, but spiritual things are invincible.

By all the laws of might and excess of power Prussianism ought to have succeeded, but Bismarck, and Von Moltke, and Kaiser Wilhelm did not reckon on God. With "Gott mit uns" on their belt buckles and the devil of devils in their hearts they quickly collapsed when they met the hosts of the true God on the banks of the sacred Marne; and, to-day, the awful nightmare is ended, and "Ichabod" is written across the palaces of Junkerism, for all glory is departed from a perfidious Prussianism, which, having been weighed in the balances, was found wanting.

Yesterday the Kaiser was surrounded by opulence and power, with all of middle Europe in his grasp and with dreams of world domination; the most imposing military figure on the globe, with courtiers and soldiers to do his bidding; with his coffers full of gold and with his guns and Zeppelins cruelly terrifying Paris and London—only yesterday.

To-day, he is a fugitive. His dynasty, which has stood for four hundred years, is in ruins. An outraged world, with holy vengeance, is demanding his trial. He is an outlaw who must expiate his crimes, for justice will not be cheated.



III  
THE NEW MANHOOD

A fine story is told of a Britisher who found his soul. During a fierce engagement a German officer had become impaled on a savage barbed-wire fence and he was writhing in anguish. The guns were doing terrible work, but the suffering man was untouched and was crying out in agony. A young British officer saw the tragic spectacle, and when he could stand it no longer, he leaped over the top, and, in a storm of shrapnel and shell, he released the tortured man, and lifting him on his shoulders, he carried him toward the German trench. Suddenly, in response to this supreme act of kindness and heroism, the firing ceased, for both sides watched in amazement. It is further related that the commander of the German trench came forward, and, taking an Iron Cross from his own bosom, he pinned it on the breast of the brave Britisher.

The British boy had found his own soul—it was the soul of true chivalry—the soul of the Christ—the soul which will make the recent war the last war in all the history of civilization.

“None could tell me where my soul might be,  
I searched for God, but he eluded me.  
I sought out my fellow-man  
And found all three.”

## CHAPTER III

### THE NEW MANHOOD

ONE evening after I had had my supper in the Hostess House at Camp Kearny I drew a chair up to the crackling log fire and I found myself beside a boy in khaki who was intently reading a book. I was soon in conversation with him. He was reading a well-written essay on Macbeth, and I discovered that he had read many of the Shakespearean dramas, and was refreshing his memory by perusing this discussion of a brilliant Shakespearean scholar. I told him that I thought Hamlet would be a good study for the young soldiers; that men of action were needed to-day like Fortinbras, who won the victory and seized the throne; and that Hamlet, the king's son, was a pathetic illustration of how men failed to attain their purposes, because they never struck at the right time, but hesitated and procrastinated until they found themselves in ignominious defeat and disgrace. He said he would give more attention to Hamlet.

He then said that before he entered the army he was the only support of his mother, and that he had been deprived of the best school advantages, and that he was highly prizing the privileges which his leisure in the army was affording

him for reading. I found that he had carefully read some of Victor Hugo's great works, and was a great admirer of the brilliant French writer. He could talk about *Les Misérables* and Jean Valjean, of *The Man Who Laughs*, and of *The Toilers of the Sea*. This young soldier was not an exception, but he is typical of many a fine young American who found his soul in the war.

A gentleman who was in the Y. M. C. A. work in France says: "I have seen boys come out of battles made new men. I have seen them go into the line sixteen-year-old lads and come out of the trenches men. I saw a lad who had gone through the fighting in Belleau Woods. I talked with him in the hospital at Paris. His face was terribly wounded. He was ugly to look at, but when I talked with him I found a soul as white as a lily and as courageous as granite.

"I may look awful," he said, "but I'm a new man inside. What I saw out there in the woods made me different somehow. I saw a friend stand by a machine gun with a whole platoon of Germans sweeping down on him, and he never flinched. He fired that old gun until every bullet was gone and his gun was red-hot. I was lying on the grass, where I could see it all. I saw them bayonet him. He fought to the last against fifty men; but, thank God, he died a man; he died an American! I lay there and cried to see them kill him; but every time I think of that fellow it makes me want to be more of



a man. When I get back home I'm going to give up my life to some kind of Christian service. I'm going to do it because I saw that man die so bravely. If he can die like that, in spite of my face I can live like a man."<sup>1</sup>

Again this same writer says: "And so it is all over France. As I have worked in some twenty hospitals, from the first-aid dressing stations back through the evacuation hospitals to the base hospitals, I have found that the reaction of wounds and suffering is always a spiritual reaction, and I know as no other thing that the boys of America are to come back, wounded or otherwise, a better crowd of men than when they went away. They are men reborn."

The cross and its Christ were everywhere in evidence in France. An American soldier recently plucked a violet at the foot of a demolished wayside cross, and then he wrote:

"I picked a violet in France,  
Beloved of shade and dew.  
I wish my idle hands had left  
It smiling where it grew

"Beside a little wayside shrine  
Demolished in the war  
It steadfastly proclaimed its faith  
That God would quite restore

"Each lovely work of his that man  
In churlish wrath destroyed,  
And that new loveliness would fill  
Each aching, empty void.

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<sup>1</sup>W. L. Stidger.

"It was a little violet;  
I held it in my hand  
And marveled that its withering  
Should make me understand."<sup>1</sup>

German frightfulness destroyed many of the crosses, but it thereby even more gloriously enthroned the Christ.

And now comes the beautiful story of a San Bernardino boy, who says that one day in France he stepped into an old church to get a glimpse of its classic beauty when a French officer of the army entered, accompanied by a single orderly. The officer knelt reverently and remained in prayer for full three quarters of an hour. The California boy marveled at the intensity of the officer's devotion and followed him when he left the church, only to learn that it was no other than General Foch, the masterful strategist and generalissimo of the Allied armies.

General Ferdinand Foch was born in a little town in the Pyrenees, August 4, 1851. As a child he was devotional and studious in his habits, attending church and likewise school, and later he was sent to the Polytechnic School where French artillery officers are trained. At twenty-three he was a captain of artillery and had already acquired considerable reputation as a teacher of military tactics, and before many years was regarded as one of the foremost authorities in military strategy. In those fatal days of

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<sup>1</sup> Victor C. Reese.

August, 1914, he was the general in charge of the Ninth Army Corps. In the early part of September, when the German hordes were rushing on toward Paris, and the French were retreating in disorder, when the capital was being moved to Bordeaux, and the fall of Paris seemed imminent, Marshal Joffre, the commander-in-chief of the army, determined that the savage Huns should be stopped—and he organized his historic defense at the Marne. To General Foch, with his Ninth Army Corps, was assigned the gigantic task of stemming the tide of the Prussian's fiercest shock troops. Foch was crowded back in spite of gallant resistance, until on September 9 the situation became most desperate, but Foch remained serene and confident, and about noon on that eventful day, with marvelous Christian fortitude, refusing to acknowledge defeat, he sent his historic message to General Joffre: "My right wing has been driven back; my left wing is crushed; I shall attack with my center. Situation is excellent." With the help of the God of battles that daring attack saved the day, and turned the First Battle of the Marne from a dismal rout into one of the great decisive battles not only of the war but of all history.

The Prussians discovered forces upon which they had not reckoned and fell back, and finally broke and fled, and General Foch vindicated the teaching of his classroom that "a battle won is a battle in which one will not admit oneself van-

quished. A battle is lost which one believes to be lost, for battles are not lost materially."

After the battle, when the Bishop of Cahors went to congratulate and thank the masterful soldier, General Foch reverently replied: "Monseigneur, do not thank me, but Him to whom victory alone belongs!"

On September 9, General Foch was able to turn back the forces of Von Kluck, many of whom were swallowed up in the dangerous quicksands of the Saint Gond marshes; and on that September day the second diabolical Hun invasion was rebuked, and the conflict goes down into history as the Battle of the Marne.

It was after this same battle that a French general, when asked how it was possible for the French army to defeat the overwhelming Hun hordes, answered: "Miracle! Miracle! Our line of four Frenchmen deep broke through a German line sixteen men deep. Le bon Dieu! Le bon Dieu!" ("The good God! The good God!")

Not since Garibaldi's stroke  
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,  
And Italy after a thousand years  
Walked in beauty among her peers;  
Not since Nelson followed the star  
Of freedom to triumph at Trafalgar  
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;  
No, not since Miltiades  
Fronted the Persian hosts and won  
Against the tyrant at Marathon,  
Has a greater defender of liberty  
Stood and struck for the cause than he,

Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,  
Whose center was almost driven in,  
But whose iron courage no fate could crush  
Nor hinder. "I shall advance," said Foch.<sup>1</sup>

A man who was a student in the classes of General Foch a dozen years ago in the High War School in France, when the noble soldier was lecturing on strategy and the conduct of battles, says that the chief characteristic of Foch is "the strength of his soul." "He believes that battles are won because of moral qualities," and lost for want of them. "He is a devout man and the son of pious parents. His life has been harmonious in its calm studiousness, in its freedom from intrigue, in its broad and lofty outlook." Some time ago he wrote: "I approach the end of my life with the conscience of a faithful servant who reposes in the peace of the Lord. Faith in life eternal, in a God of goodness and compassion, has sustained me in the most trying hours. Prayer has enlightened my way." Foch is a man of God, a man of soul, a man of sympathy. Neither Joshua nor Gideon was more a fighter of God's battles. The greatest words of his military creed are "duty" and "discipline." He "has not only the qualities of head and heart for command, but the sort of faith that moves mountains, however blackly set in the clouds."<sup>2</sup>

One wonders if a willingness to surrender one's own life that others may live, and that great

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<sup>1</sup> Bliss Carman.

<sup>2</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1918.

principles and ideals may not die, is not a shortcut to finding one's own soul.

A soldier boy, who before the war was an inmate of a reformatory, to which he was sent because he was an incorrigible truant and so bad a boy that his parents had given him up in despair, won a Victoria Cross for extraordinary bravery in risking his own life to save the lives of his comrades in France. There was a radical change in the boy; he had actually become a new character.

When General Cadorna was retreating to a new and stronger position, his great Italian army was saved through the heroic sacrifices of whole regiments of Italian troops who defended the mountain-top positions until they were entirely exterminated. What an epic of true heroism was written in those fearful war days! And how many men found their souls in the fiery furnaces of battle!

Some years ago a young man emigrated from the Thames valley to Canada because he had by his misdeeds utterly disgraced his father, who was a distinguished physician. His family never expected, never wished to hear from him again. When the call came to Canada for troops this young man joined the first contingent, determined to show that he had sincerely repented, and was anxious to make good. His regiment was soon in the thick of the fight and was the first to be exposed to the deadly gas attacks. The young

man did noble work, and besides defending a perilous position, he was able to save the lives of several of his comrades; and then was severely wounded, but not before he had won his "Distinguished Conduct Medal." When he was convalescent he was invalided home for a short leave. When he reached his home he was not expected, neither did his parents know anything of his honor and his bravery, and they were completely astonished when he appeared in his Canadian khaki uniform with his medal pinned upon his coat. The boy had come back—he had found his soul, and with great pride his parents walked by his side through the streets of the town where he had once caused them shame.

God advances the affairs of the moral world by a succession of divine impulses which responsive men endeavor to fulfill in their lives. Every epoch in history turns upon the soul of some brave man. Momentum is the mass plus the velocity. In the moral universe momentum is the man—the mass, plus the God-purpose—the velocity. Men who respond to their high calls are sustained by this momentum—they become the product of that power, and are made strong by it. Abraham submitted to it, and became the father of the faithful; Moses was enabled "to endure as seeing him who is invisible." Paul cried out, "What wilt thou have me to do?" and developed into the imperial apostle; Luther aroused all Europe, and John Wesley claimed

the world for his parish. The Puritans were sustained by this divine force. They sailed from Delft Haven one hundred and four in number, fifty-eight of whom were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. During their first winter in New England fifty died from disease and exposure, but when, in the following spring, the Mayflower sailed for Europe, not one of those dauntless heroes availed himself of the opportunity to return.

“What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine,  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith’s pure shrine.”

The operation of this law of momentum in the spiritual world justifies Tennyson’s familiar couplet,

“Yet I doubt not through the ages, one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the  
suns.”

We hear much in these days of self-made men. John Bright, when he heard that his political rival, Disraeli, was making the personal claim to be a self-made man, ironically remarked, “Yes, he is a self-made man, and he worships his creator.” But there is a call to-day for faith-made men. Men of faith are men of fiber. Said Whittier, “When faith is lost the man is dead.” Men with faith in self, in their fellows, in their God. Faith in self makes a man humble; faith



in his fellows makes him sympathetic; faith in God makes him a martyr. Wordsworth sings

“Of one in whom persuasion and belief  
Had ripened into faith, and faith became  
A passionate intuition.”

Faith-made men are men of obedience and courage. Courage is a moral quality, as is observed in its Latin derivation. Courage to push and be a man, and not wait for a pull and be a manikin. Courage to give as well as to get; to get in order to give. Courage to give up.

Faith-made men are God's prompt messengers. Men who step out into the dark, over a brink if it is necessary, and trust Almighty God to supply a landing place for their feet. Such faith-made men were Francis of Assisi, bearing about in his body the marks of his Lord's sufferings; Garibaldi shouting to the patriots of Italy, "I will return, I will return!" Benito Juarez, the little Indian, the liberator of Mexico; and John Brown, who replied to the messenger, "Tell the General when he wants me to fight, to say so; no other command shall I obey." If the dome of John Brown's intellect had been as lofty as his heart was deep, there would have been a prompter issue of the principles which he espoused; he was the John the Baptist of freedom. Wendell Phillips heard the voice of God in the loving command of his wife, "You must take up the cause of the slave." Such a faith-made woman was Harriet

Beecher Stowe, who persistently declared concerning her epoch-making book, "God wrote it."

And such a faith-made man was Ulysses S. Grant, with his shibboleth of "unconditional surrender," hurrying with the speed and brilliancy of a comet from the victories of Vicksburg to the surrender of Appomattox. What shall be said of William McKinley, who, when the final decision was to be made concerning the Philippines, which had suddenly fallen into the lap of this republic, said: "I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight, and then went down on my knees and asked God for light and guidance; and it came to me that there was nothing left for us to do but to take the Islands, educate the Filipinos, and uplift and civilize and Christianize them, and, by God's grace, do the best we could for them."

There was a boy in the Naval Reserve who was a stoker on a ship, and the boy's father is at the head of one of the large bookstores in New York city. The boy was anxious to go into the army, but his eyes were bad, and so he enlisted as a stoker, where good eyes were not needed. And there he served his country in the hold of a ship with no chance to fight back, but doing his part to keep the ship moving; "with none to see what is going on, and with every chance of being drowned like a rat if the ship goes down." He heard the call of God and duty.

It was said by John Milton long since that "Great souls are the white sheaves that this world should wave back to the God of summer."

On a recent Sunday night after the church service a soldier in khaki came forward to the chancel. In my question box I had attempted to answer the question "Which is the finest line in the English language?" and this soldier said to me, "What do you think of this as among the best things that have been written?"—and he quoted those rarely beautiful lines from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*,

"Love took up the harp of life,  
And smote on all the chords with might,  
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,  
Passed in music out of sight."

And I replied, "That is magnificent—most beautiful. I ought to have quoted it as my personal choice"; and there was a rare glow in the eyes of that fine young officer as if in the experiences of war he had already lost self out of his own growing soul.

Men are looking to God in these moments of world crisis as never before; and it was not by any means an accident that a man trained in a Christian home should be at the head of the American forces in France; and that a son of the manse should be the commander-in-chief of the army and the honored President of the United States; and that General Foch should be a devout

Christian; and that Sir Douglas Haig should be a man of unusual piety. Of General Haig it is said that he never omitted attending divine service at the front, and is like the lamented Gladstone in his study of theology, reading the French and German as readily as he does the English. During the darkest hours of the German drive, at the close of a chaplain's service on Sunday morning, General Haig went forward and said to the minister, "Remember, the battle is not ours but God's."

During one of the battles in France a soldier was found entangled in a German barbed-wire, and when his comrades attempted to carry him, after they had released him from his position of jeopardy, it seemed that they would almost pull him to pieces. He begged his rescuers to put him out of misery, but Sergeant Rose threw himself on the ground and made a human sledge out of himself, and insisted that they should lay the wounded man upon him—which was done. They dragged these two men back over two hundred yards of No Man's Land, through the broken wire and over ground that was strewn with broken shells.

They were all so anxious to get the wounded man to a place of safety and treatment that they forgot the man underneath. When they reached the trenches they found that the brave sergeant was nearly as badly off as his burden. His hands and face and body were painfully

torn, and he had suffered frightfully, but never once had he said, "Go slow," or "Wait a bit." As the late Captain Hugh Knyvett, the Anzac scout, says, "Such is the stuff our men are made of."

In the Methodist history of Central Ohio there is a chapter which reads as if it might have been taken bodily from the Acts of the Apostles. There came to the town of Zanesville from then faraway New England, a young man of fine presence and excellent ability, who said that he was a minister of the gospel. He was cordially received by the people and made a remarkable stir as he was invited to preach in the pulpits. But after a few months he brought disgrace upon the churches because of his association with the drinking and dissipated men of the place, and it was then learned that he had perpetrated what he declared was a practical joke on the church people, for he was not only not a Christian, but in the place from which he came he had been a wild and reckless young man and a ringleader among the roughs about the town.

When the true character of the young man was discovered he was of course ostracized by those who had been the victims of his clever but unprincipled imposition, and he became very bitter against the church. He began the practice of law, and soon became recognized as one of the most brilliant men at the bar of Muskingum County. Later he married a beautiful

young woman, but his antipathy for the church increased with his prosperity, until, at length a baby came to his home, and the spirit of the man was softened and sweetened as people noticed his tender devotion to the baby and her mother. But one day, just as the baby was learning to toddle out to meet him and call him "Daddy," it sickened and died. The father's heart was broken, and his life suddenly changed. He publicly confessed his sins and begged the forgiveness of the people of Zanesville, and became a zealous member of the church. Later he was received into the ministry of the Methodist Church, and at the General Conference of 1844 he was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He made a large place for himself in the activities of the church, as a versatile writer and brilliant preacher and administrator, and was noted for his holy and winsome character. He suffered great bodily infirmities during the last years of his life, and as he bade a final farewell to the things and friends of earth, he exultingly cried, "O wondrous, wondrous, wondrous love!" and Bishop Leonidas L. Hamline went up to God.

A new creature. A new creature in Christ Jesus! Old things had passed away—truly all things had become new!

That is the New Manhood.

IV  
THE NEW DUTY

A man cannot choose his duties.—*George Eliot.*

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult—*Mencius.*

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is coextensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—*Gladstone.*



## CHAPTER IV

### THE NEW DUTY

IN the New Day is there anything more valuable than life? So problematical, and versatile, and profound, and simple, and adventurous, and full of surprises is life—human life—that in our thinking we come back to it if perchance we shall be able to find out some of its many secrets and solve some of its mysteries.

If we seek from others a definition of life, we are more in the labyrinth than when we began, for one will say that life is a battle, another that it is a bubble; one that it is a jest, another that it is a cheat; one that it is a short summer, another that it is like a winter's day; one that it is but a span, another that it is only a walking shadow; one that it is best when it is ended, another when it is begun; one that it is a prickly thorn, another that it is a summer rose; one that it is sweet, another that it is bitter; one that it is a horrid grind, another that it is a highway for angels; one that it is a lie, another that it is love.

Life is so soon over that it is a tragic pity to miss the path. There are so many new endeavors to enjoy; there is so much of divinity to be revealed; there is so much of humanity to be loved and served; there are so many thought realms to

be entered; so many alluring enchantments; so many holy friendships; so many big tasks to awaken our zeal and tax our humble talents. But it is so soon over! If we would find out its fascinating secret, we must be about it. It is not something we choose, or desire, or discover; it is a gift, a gift of God. We are the custodians of this supernal thing called life; it is divine, for the soul is God's image. Human life is so soon over; and if we dally in primrose paths, it will be too late when we find again the way of life. Yes, it is a gift. Next to his only begotten Son, our Redeemer, it is God's greatest gift to the world. So profound is the secret of the origin of life that all the wise men in all of their laboratories have not been able to produce by experimentation even the lowest forms of life. It is a gift direct from the hand of the Infinite.

Is anything more valuable than life? "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." However strange this paradox may be, we get by giving, we find by losing, and we win by surrender. The best and most triumphant thing which we can do with our lives is often to surrender them. Life is not measured by the shadow on the dial, but by heart throbs; not by days, but by deeds. The youth Nathan Hale still lives into the third century one of the best-known young men in American history because as a boy in his twenties he regretted he had but one life to give for his country—and he gave it.

Life is worth only what it will purchase in the open market of achievement and victory. Those fifty sailor boys who went down with the sinking of the *Maine* in Cuban waters have multiplied their influence infinitely beyond what they could have accomplished if they had preferred quiet lives in quiet places and had reached even honorable old age. "Remember the Alamo!" "Remember the *Maine*!" have aroused the patriotism of the years; and one day when a dastardly submarine sent sixty-seven of our soldier boys to the bottom of the Atlantic, another tocsin was added which rallied the hosts of American youth and swept Junkerism into shameless oblivion, "Remember the Antilles!" "Remember the Antilles!"

We hear brave Colonel Travis saying once more at the Alamo, "I will never retreat or surrender. Take good care of my motherless boy; if I live, I will love him and protect him, but if I die he will have the honor of knowing that his father laid down his life for his country."

Yes, there are many things more valuable than life.

Truth is more valuable than life. Every great truth which we possess to-day somebody died for it. There is not a discovery in science, and not a continent or an island, and not a beautiful shore richly embroidered with civilization's best gifts, for which men have not suffered and died. Some of us never can understand the pioneer—

the pathfinder, who goes before and opens up the way. Why should any man take his life in his hand and travel afar, exposed to wild beasts, and wild streams, and wild men, and wild storms? Every pathway of progress has been paved with the bleached bones of those who did not arrive. In the early days the graves of the fallen marked the trail of those who journeyed westward over the desert waste and the mountains of rock; but graves have always been milestones in the progress of truth. Those who die for the truth have won the greatest victories. In the sacrament of blood truth has been made immortal. The martyrs are the makers of history. But some of us can never understand the martyr. Why should a man die for a truth which he shall never himself enjoy? Why should a man plant a tree under whose shade he shall never recline? I will tell you. When, even a humble man comes into the fullness of his life he understands that, obscure though he may be, he is responsible to God and man for his life. It is not egotism which makes a humble man feel that he must do his part and fill his place just as if he were great among the greatest. He is impelled by holy impulses of honor and conviction and courage.

If he be noble, the nobleness that is within him resents the soft impeachment that he is invertebrate and cowardly. Personality is the effort of the individual to hold his own place in the throngs of men about him. It is the individual who

counts. There can be no solidarity in society unless we reckon with the multitudes as individuals.

"A people is but the attempt of many  
To rise to the complete life of one;  
And those who live as models for the mass  
Are singly of more value than they all."<sup>1</sup>

Christ came to honor personality. His greatest utterances were to individuals. It was to Nicodemus that he said, "Ye must be born again," and to the woman at the well that he said "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," and to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," and to Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." It is the single man standing firmly by the truth that is of "more value than they all."

Our convictions are of more value than our life. The bird is of more value than the cage. The gold is of more value than the quartz. The jewel is of more value than its setting. The music is more valuable than the instrument. The thought is more valuable than the brain. Our convictions are so involved in our character that if a man is not true to his convictions he betrays his own character; and he is the most despicable of Judases who is a traitor to himself. They who are not true to their convictions of

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Browning.

right are abettors of the wrong—conspirators against the truth.

If a man is not taller from his shoulders up than from his shoulders down he belongs not to the race of men, but to the age of the pterodactyls. The difference between animals and men is in the size of their heads and amplitude of their brains.

The right is more valuable than life. There would be no life if there were no right. When the right is gone men would soon devour and destroy each other. "Might is right," "Force is right," "War is beautiful," "Weakness is a crime," "Hate your enemies"; were all the wicked lies of Prussianism. If there were none to stand up for the immortal truths that "Right is might," and "The strong ought bear the infirmities of the weak," and "Love your enemies," and "The meek shall inherit the earth," the world would soon revert to the jungle, because the law of force is the law of the jungle, and the earth would ere long be the habitation of human brutes who would soon tear each other to shreds, and human life would become extinct.

I love the man who foresees the final triumph of the right and believes that we are not fighting a losing battle; that Christ will reign until he shall have put all enemies under his feet; and I am sorry for those people who keep their eyes always on the ground and judge of the big world by the narrow boundaries of the little circle of

their ground view. Horizon! God's in his heaven, all must come right with the world. We should cease wailing about the world getting worse and rejoice in the triumphs of the past and of the mightier conquests of the future. If the world is getting worse, it is a stultification of the spirit of the gospel and a denial of the promises of Christ.

I love the man who has faith enough to sing with Browning:

"There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought but silence implying sound."

"It's wiser being good than bad,  
It's safer being meek than fierce,  
It's fitter being sane than mad,  
My own hope is a sun that will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That after Last returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."<sup>1</sup>

Let the tongues of the prophets of despair be dumb. Let the singer of the morning fill the world with cheerful melodies. So long as men will fight for the right the right will prevail. Character is the foundation of conviction. When we bring up our boys in the principles of truth as the testing time comes we cannot keep them out of the battle of righteousness.

These boys of ours heard the call of patriotism

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Browning.

and religion, and because they have been trained in manliness they answered, "Here!" Patriotism is more valuable than life. What is life worth to a citizen if he lives and his country fails?

Our Puritan fathers and mothers—right, conviction, character were more valuable to them than life. The best we have in our land to-day we have received from them.

It was a bleak December morning that the Mayflower dropped its anchor in the icy waters of Plymouth harbor. They must effect a hasty landing, for there is much sickness on the little ship. "Famine has clambered up over the side of the ship, and holds the tiller, and death paces back and forth as if in command." The men reach the shore, but "all that dreary December day, while it snowed and sleeted and froze and blew, they prayed and sang and walked back and forth to keep warm, wearing a path through the deep snow, not stopping so much as to build a fire until six o'clock at night, for it is God's holy Sabbath day. They can die if need be, but they cannot violate God's holy ordinance."<sup>1</sup>

Duty is more valuable than life. There is a word sweeter than "duty," but none that is stronger. "Duty" is the most stalwart word in our vocabulary. The dynamo packed away in the word "duty" is "ought"; and a scholar says that the word "ought" is a contraction of the sterling phrase, "We owe it." The best meaning

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<sup>1</sup>Bishop C. H. Fowler.



then of duty is "We owe it." Duty means obligation, and the more a man is a man the more is he determined to pay his debts. Duty is discharging our obligation to those who have preceded us, that we may be a blessing to those who shall follow us. A clever woman wrote:

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
I awoke and found that life was Duty,  
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A truth and noonday light to thee."<sup>1</sup>

Duty gives the momentum that arrives. England expected every man to do his duty at Trafalgar Cape. America expects every citizen to do his duty anywhere, and God places duty before every person as a condition of character, achievement, and heaven. Moses and Paul responded to the call of duty and are the greatest names in all history. Daniel and Joseph did their duty, and through pits and prisons and lions' dens ascended to powerful premierships. Samson and Absalom lost the path of duty and reached the disgrace of ignominious defeat and the prison house in Gaza. Enoch and Elijah did their duty and were not found after they had walked and fought for God, because God took them. Mary the Virgin mother and Mary the sister of Lazarus did their duty, and the mother is the most exquisitely honored woman in the world, and the

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<sup>1</sup> Ellen S. Hooper.

fame of the sister is spread wherever the gospel is preached. Stephen did his duty and went to glorious martyrdom; and the beloved John did his duty and in blissful old age beheld the radiant revelations of Patmos. Judas failed of his duty and hurried himself into the ignominy of the suicide.

John Huss did his duty and was rewarded with victorious death. Martin Luther did his duty a hundred and thirty years later and was rewarded with victorious life. John Wesley did his duty, and, crowded out of the church where he had been his father's curate, he claimed the world as his parish. Savonarola did his duty, and he made the De' Medici tremble on their tottering thrones and rebuked wickedness in high places, and hastened the millennium by thousands of years. Of course they burned him at the stake after he had first been strangled by Pope Alexander VI. After his martyrdom the people kissed the very stones in the plaza where he had been burned, and the authorities ordered the erection of a massive marble fountain to conceal the spot, but the people on the anniversary day of his death bank the plaza high with beautiful flowers in memory of the bravest servant of Christ who has lived in modern times. "Duty" was his magic word. Savonarola Girolamo! Duty! Duty!

Abraham Lincoln, in immortal words familiar to all, said: "Let us have faith that right makes

might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Robert E. Lee, in an affectionate letter to his son, cited the circumstances in the State of Connecticut, when on that historic Dark Day a timid legislator arose, and expressing the fear that the Day of Judgment was at hand, suggested an adjournment. Whereupon that fine old stalwart, Davenport, promptly declared, that if it were the Day of Judgment approaching, he wished to be found at his post of duty; and moved that the candles be brought in. General Lee wrote, "My son, 'duty' is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty at all times like the old Puritan. You can do no more; you should not wish to do less."

We have just passed the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. It was at that epochal contest that Admiral Horatio Nelson shouted to his men, "England expects every man to do his duty!" He was mortally wounded in that fierce engagement, and the last words of the dying commander were, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

At the famous battle of Allatoona, General Corse was in command of the fortifications. General Sherman signaled to him, "Hold the fort, for I am coming!" Somebody asked Sherman if Corse would do it. Whereupon "Uncle Billie" replied: "He will hold out. I know the man!" and General Corse did hold out, though a cruel

ball carried away his right ear and his cheek bone.

The path of duty is always the path of glory and of God. The man who is about his duty is too busy to be afraid of God or man, of good or evil, of life or death. O it is tremendous to feel the throb and thrill of impelling, compulsory duty. Duty is perspective. Duty is initiative. Duty is destination. Duty is divinity. Duty is partnership with God.

Duty is more valuable than life.

The word that is sweeter than "duty," and equally as strong, is "love"—and love is more valuable than life. Love is God; God is love. Every giant soul who reaches altitudes of godliness is a man of love. Savonarola, with all of his leonine strength and his vigorous assaults upon evil, was a lovable man. Luther was a lovable man. Wesley was a lovable man. Might of mind and conviction and arm are not inconsistent with tender affection. Wellington and Grant and Sherman and Lee and Stonewall Jackson were lovable men, and so are Pershing and Foch.

Abraham Lincoln, the most-abused and best-loved man in American history, the strongest man in courage and personality which our age has produced, was so lovable a man that his neighbors forgot his last name and called him "Abe"—"Honest Abe." So tender was his heart of love that he nearly demoralized the discipline in the army by pardoning many of the offenders.

We have not forgotten how one evening he urged his friend Joshua Speed to stay all night with him, saying, "This is Thursday night, and to-morrow is execution day in the army, and I never sleep any on Thursday night." There is some criticism of George Gray Bernard's statue of Lincoln which has been dedicated in Cincinnati, and a replica of which is to be placed beside that of Cromwell in England. But Lincoln is the despair of the sculptor as he is of the painter and poet. So marvelous was the divinity of this unique man that neither marble, nor canvas, nor eloquence, nor all of these combined can give to the world the true Lincoln; but love can make the real Lincoln live in each succeeding generation; and as men love more and the brotherhood becomes more and more real, Lincoln will be better understood. If we would know the height and beauty of a mountain, we must have a long perspective and a lofty point of view. And so as men ascend into nobler manliness they will know better this manliest of men.

Mary's alabaster box was prompted by love, though it was filled with fragrant ointment. The world is waiting to-day for alabaster boxes of love whose perfume shall fill the whole earth.

Love is the attribute of Deity, for God is love. To the extent that we have love, we possess the divine nature. Love is the mainspring of civilization. Love beats swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks. Civilization is the

increase of brotherhood. Love establishes the parliament of man; it is the fulfillment of the law. Love is strength; it is a token of refinement. Cruelty, selfishness, and bestiality go out when love comes in.

I think perhaps the most pitiful line in all English literature is found in the diary of Carlyle. He was often harsh in his disposition and was too busy to be thoughtful. He was not a misanthrope, but he was a sort of literary surgeon who saw the deformities of the society of the day in which he lived, and his pen was usually a sharp scalpel with which he was busy performing operations with the hope of improving the condition of the patient. After his wife's death he wrote: "O if I could but see her once more, were it but for five minutes, to let her know that I always loved her through it all! She never did know it—never." Jane Carlyle was a brilliant and beautiful woman, and the bitterness of her disposition would probably never have gained the ascendancy if her husband's alabaster boxes had been freely broken for her.

Once I saw an alabaster box from which the fragrant ointment had been poured. It was in an exposition in London. It was nothing but a rude row boat, strong and sturdy to be sure, but no delicate marble vase was ever more exquisite in the noble service which it rendered. Early one morning as a wild storm rocked Britain's granite-bound shore a slip of a girl saw a wreck on

the rocks of a distant island and heard the cries for help; but no lifeboat could live in such a furious sea. The girl aroused her aged father, but he said it was no use; it would be certain death. The brave girl leaped into the lighthouse boat and said she would go alone. The impossible had no fears or intimidation for her; and her father was stimulated by her invincible purpose and accompanied her; and nine precious lives were saved that eventful September day. Grace Darling, though in frail health, broke her alabaster box and won an imperishable place in the annals of the world's deeds of heroism.

There was an alabaster box all shattered to pieces in the suburbs of Los Angeles not long ago. The tower watchman was at his place at the levers. He saw a wild car coming like a mad demon along the rails, and a trolley filled with people was about to cross the tracks. The uncontrolled car must be derailed at all hazards, but if this were done the momentum with which it was coming would cause it to leap from the tracks and the tower-house would be directly in its angry path. But the brave fellow in the tower never hesitated an instant. He threw the switch. There was a terrible crash. The tower-house was demolished, and they picked the man up forty feet away badly bruised but not seriously injured. Men of noble ideals and unselfish motives and fidelity to their trusts can be depended upon not to forsake their posts of duty in the

moment of unexpected responsibility. Character will not flinch in the testing time. The splintered tower-house, though not so dainty as broken marble, was equally a sacred alabaster box of loving ministry.

Some years ago in Brooklyn it was necessary for a woman to leave her baby fast asleep in the cradle in the tenement house while she went around the corner to the grocery store. On her way home there was an alarm of fire and in a moment she found that the blaze was in the house in which she lived. She threw her basket away and with breathless haste ran toward her home crying for her baby. As she was about to enter the building the fire chief prevented her, and she frantically told him that her baby was there. The chief declared that the fire had made such progress it would be sure death for anyone to enter; but one of the firemen stepped forward saying he had a child at home, and he believed he could save the baby, and asked permission to try, and the captain consented. Up the creaking stairs he went. He groped his way through smoke and flames until he finally found the cradle and had the baby in his arms, but just at that moment there was a fearful crash and the stairs and half of the floor went down, leaving the brave fireman in great peril on the side of the house where there was no window. With a loud voice he called to the men that he could not save himself, but if they got their net ready he could



throw the baby out of the window. And in an instant with true aim, well bundled in a robe, the baby came flying through the window, and was soon snug and unhurt in her mother's arms.

In Greenwood Cemetery there is a modest monument to a fireman and there are always fresh flowers; and there are frequent visits by a beautiful young woman, who, if anyone dared to intrude a question, would answer that she owed her life to the sacrifice of that brave hero in the tenement fire twenty years ago. He broke his alabaster box and with it his life, but the whole city was filled with the odor of the ointment.

Not long since I was once more in Niles, Ohio. My very first parish was up in the hills just above this noisy, smoky little manufacturing city. Now, nobody ever thought of Niles as being a beautiful place. It is low in its location and the lazy, little Mahoning River creeps along the edge of the town. There are numberless rolling mills which send forth real pillars of cloud by day and real pillars of fire by night. There was no special elegance in home, or park, or garden. But everything is all changed now. The other day there was dedicated in this town an exquisitely beautiful Georgia marble memorial building, for Niles is the birthplace of William McKinley, and within the new structure there is a remarkably fine and true statue of the martyred President. This beautiful memorial is the gift of those who knew and loved one of the best men our nation

has produced. But the building, with its glistening columns and spacious corridors, and the statue and the artistic surroundings have transformed the whole town. There is now an atmosphere of heroism, of manliness, of patriotism, of divinity. One of McKinley's political enemies said of him, "McKinley was the most lovable man I ever knew." This explains why he was honored by his contemporaries and why he will not be forgotten by a grateful posterity.

It is love which makes woman the great human power for righteousness in the world. It is the mother love which fills a boy's heart with holy aspirations. It is the wife's love which sustains her husband in every contest and which rewards him with tender assurances.

"Why, man, she is mine own,  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold!"<sup>1</sup>

It is a daughter's and a sister's love which sweetens the life of the home and follows the father and the brother, and, like an angel of light, guards and protects.

Even God, when he would have his love for mankind better understood, allows his prophet to tell us that God loves us with a mother's love; and when David would adequately describe the affection which existed between Jonathan and himself, he said it "passed the love of women."

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<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare.

In a peculiar sense God made woman to love and to be loved; and no woman reaches her highest ideals except as she is lovable; and it should not be less so with man. Of the true man it must be said,

“The loving are the daring,  
The bravest are the tenderest.”

It is not weakness in a man to wish to be loved and to love strongly in return. The Corinthian column is not less enduring because it combines beauty and strength.

If we become godlike, we will love, for God is love. If we become Christlike, we will want to be loved, for did not Jesus say to Peter, “Lovest thou me?” and we will freely dispense our love, for it is said that “Jesus beholding the young man, loved him.”



V

SEEING THE BLUE IN THE SKY

Riches I have not sought and have not found,  
And fame has passed me with averted eye;  
In creeks and bays my quiet voyage is bound  
While the great world without goes surging by.  
No withering envy of another's lot,  
No nightmare of contention plagues my rest,  
For me alike what is and what is not,  
Both what I have and what I lack is best,  
A flower more sacred than far-seen success  
Perfumes my solitary path. I find  
Sweet compensation in my humbleness  
And reap the harvest of a tranquil mind.

—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

O dere ain't no use ob frettin'  
Ef de sky am cold and gray;  
Keep a whislin' and a singin'  
An' de clouds will roll away;  
You am boun' to meet wif tempests  
As you trable down de road,  
An' de sorrows you must carry  
Am a mighty heaby load;  
But no trouble's gwin' to crush you  
Ef you only keep in min'  
Dat de Lawd am in his heabens,  
An' de sun am boun' to shine!

—*Julia A. Galloway.*

## CHAPTER V

### SEEING THE BLUE IN THE SKY

THE New Day must be a hope day, a happy day. He who seeks for happiness alone will never find it, but he who seeks to be useful will find happiness at every turn.

There are two things which man has joined together that God would put asunder. They are close together in the dictionary. They are closer together in the ceaseless combats of human experience. Like gladiators they have sought for ascendancy through many bitter encounters. The one comes from above, the other from beneath. The one stands for light, the other for darkness. The one leads to triumph, the other to tragedy. These age-long enemies are Optimism and Pessimism.

Pessimism speaks in terms of doubt, despair, and death, and teaches that the universe is tending toward nothingness. Schopenhauer, with limpid logic, much-vaunted learning, and ghastly wit, advanced the grewsome theories of pessimism. He declared that this was the worst possible world; that it is better to be dead than to be alive; and that existence itself is an evil.

The favorite refrain of pessimism is a familiar

but dismal quatrain from the paganistic philosophy of the Rubaiyat:

“A moment’s halt—a momentary taste  
Of being from the well amid the waste—  
And lo!—the phantom caravan has reached  
The nothing it set out from—oh, make haste!”

The pessimist exaggerates the evils of life, and looks always on the dark side. He indulges in melancholy and depressing views of men and things. He becomes cynical, hypercritical, and misanthropic. He is one who, as Mark Twain said, has the choice of two evils and takes them both.

Optimism is founded upon the metaphysical doctrine of Leibnitz that the existing universe is the best of all universes: that the universe steadily advances as a whole. Christian optimism teaches that there is no limit to spiritual development; that all forces can so cooperate as to result in a higher realization of God, of self, of duty and of life. It does not accept the false, fatalistic philosophy of Pope that “Whatever is is right,” or that “Partial evil is the general good.” This Calvinistic philosophy, with its inexorable predestination exploitations, was abandoned long ago as heartlessly inconsistent with human volition and divine goodness.

Optimism believes that there is perfect design in history, as well as in the universe; that the fittest survives; that “all things work together for good to those who love God.” Optimism is



obedience; optimism is order; optimism is peace; optimism is happiness; optimism is life.

Optimism does not embrace that fantastic, easy-going, *laissez-faire* policy, which would let well-enough alone, but it aggressively and enthusiastically dedicates itself to accelerating the upward trend by being itself better, and helping others to be better. It declares with the great apostle of optimism, "Ye cannot do anything against the Truth, but for the Truth."

Optimism believes in the final supremacy of good over evil, of the best over the worst, that God is stronger than the Devil, and that though we may lose a battle, we shall win in the war.

The cheerful vesper hymn of optimism sings:

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Optimism is the sunshine—pessimism is the shadow; pessimism follows dolefully upon the heels of optimism. Perhaps it is well for optimism sometimes to hear the gloomy prognostications of pessimism, otherwise optimism might fail to comprehend the gravity and strength of evil, and the necessity of incessant vigilance and stratagem.

If pessimists were loyal to their own melancholy philosophy, they should go off to the edge of the world and throw themselves over. I would

not be a pessimist with the clammy sweat of death and fear always on my brow.

I should rather be an optimist, even incurring some danger of fanaticism. If the impossible theories of pessimism were partially correct, I should rather hasten to extinction on a bandwagon of music and hope than to make the journey in the dismal confines of a patrol wagon, or a "Black Maria."

An optimist goes out and tries to get something done, while a pessimist stays at home and wonders why he doesn't do it some other way.

The great theme of the universe is the evolution of the good, the unfolding of the best. There is an upward trend. The lower moves into the higher. When the doughty Carlyle was told that Margaret Fuller had concluded to accept the universe, the facetious Scotchman replied, "She'd better."

We would better accept the universe; it is beneficent. The movement is from the simple to the complex; out of chaos into order, out of decay into growth; triumph out of tragedy, victory out of defeat, and hope out of despair.

Life is the climax of all creation, and life is moving on toward perfection. Life persists. It resists, it defies extinction; if crushed and broken, it seeks to recover itself.

"Persistency of force," is a phrase suggested by Herbert Spencer to sum up all the laws of mechanics; so the "Persistency of Life" sums

up all the laws of force. It is man's duty and privilege to live, and never, even in old age, should there be any cessation of his purpose to live.

Civilization is but the increased appreciation of life and the privilege of living. Life is opportunity, power, character, immortality.

Christianity has surpassed all other forms of truth, because it more highly values human and soul life. The longevity of the race steadily increases under the benign influence of Christ. No circumstances of disaster or disappointment should be allowed to discourage and defeat the purposes of our lives. Many persons lapse into inactivity and uselessness because they have encountered an inimical influence and have suffered defeat.

An incontrovertible argument that God is the great conservator of human life, and does not send disease, may be found in the fact that where Christian ideas are adopted the number and virulency of diseases diminish and longevity steadily increases.

To-day the conservation of human life is everywhere the watchword. The last census shows that the death rate is 15.4 in each thousand of the population. The prolongation of life means, of course, the decrease of invalidism and the consequent increase of happiness and productive power.

The gain to humanity is due to systematic

research to discover the cause and prevention of disease; the finding of new remedies and anti-toxins for prevalent diseases; the increase of hospitals and training schools for nurses; the campaign against tuberculosis and typhoid, and other infections; the penalties imposed upon those who sell tainted articles of food, etc.

It is said that there are in this country annually six hundred and fifty thousand preventible deaths. Nothing can be more unjust or untrue than to claim that our heavenly Father sends disease; that in the culture tubes of his mysterious laboratory he is producing all sorts of infectious germs, and scattering the contents of this Pandora's box among a helpless and hapless humanity. Such an idea is sheer nonsense. We have passed that mediæval fetish long ago.

In Havana the death rate after American occupation fell from fifty to twenty. In Lawrence, Massachusetts, after the installation of a new water supply the death rate from typhoid was reduced eighty per cent. In Prussia the death rate from smallpox has been decreased by compulsory vaccination from 24 to 1.5. The yellow fever in the United States has practically disappeared. At present in Massachusetts life is lengthening at the rate of about fourteen years per century; in Europe about seventeen; in India, where medical progress is practically unknown, it remains stationary. It is now mathematically estimated that at least fifteen years

can be added to the average human life by living up to our present medical knowledge.

In the interest of the conservation of life every saloon and tobacco store should be closed. Narcotics, stimulants, gluttony, unchastity, neglect of hygiene and sanitation are all prolific sources of disease. The deadly leprosy of the social evil should be suppressed; degenerates should not be permitted to marry, and all sanitation laws should be rigidly enforced.

The day is coming when no man shall be legally permitted to make a dollar or indulge an appetite at the expense of the health or long life of himself or another.

Happiness is the goal which all are seeking, a secret which all would find. It is our duty to be happy; it is our right to be happy. The philosopher's stone, which can transform all the dross of life into purest joys, is hope. The fabled fountain which will insure eternal youth and beauty is contentment. True happiness is not only a duty and a right, but it is a possible possession; it is the sure prize of those who seek aright.

There is an intricate and exquisite conspiracy in the universe to make men happy. There are carnivals of beauty, panoramas of splendor, oratorios of music, laughing waters, dancing sunbeams, singing birds, chanting seas, delicious fruits, and enchanting flowers. Nature is not cruel, health is contagious, and there is a survival

of the fittest. "The common course of things is in favor of happiness; happiness is the rule, misery is the exception."<sup>1</sup>

As God made the sun to shine, and the flowers to bloom, and the seas to ebb and flow, so he made man to be happy. "If any man is unhappy," said a wise man, "this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy." The very law of our being is happiness. A crime is an offense against the laws of God and man; unhappiness is such an offense, hence a crime and a tragedy.

Happiness may be discovered in life's activities—in unremitting endeavor; not in the bluster and haste which enervate and defeat, but in the constant use of our capacities. Unrest and atrophy occur when energies are allowed to become stagnant. An aimless life is always an unhappy life.

Leisure and rest have exquisite flavor where they are the punctuation points of duties faithfully discharged and ambitions steadily realized. Activity defies infirmity, and octogenarians like John Wesley, John G. Whittier, and William Ewart Gladstone hold old age at bay while they elaborate the closing achievements of eventful careers.

Struggle is necessary to strength. The benevolently inclined young lady who cut off the tail of the pollywog to hasten the stages of its evolu-

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<sup>1</sup> Paley.

tion wept in dismay when she found she had ended the life of the little dismembered creature. It needed the labor of getting rid of its tail to develop strength for the responsibilities of its promotion.

If there are stunted growths and undeveloped lives among the youth of these prosperous decades, may it not be that our educational and domestic methods are affording too much assistance, or ease, or luxury to these little human pollywogs? Every faculty of our being is made more robust by constant and sensible activity. To be able to bring things to pass conduces to true happiness.

What real joy is stored away in a good book! Study may be found an unfailing source of pleasure. We can read great books until their authors become our abiding companions. A few years ago I rambled among the tombs of Mount Auburn and Sleepy Hollow. I found myself truly offended when I saw gravestones which bore the names of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Agassiz. For who, that is daily associating with these choice spirits in the precious legacy of the books they have written, can believe that these men are dead? No, they live, and are more universally alive to-day than when they threaded the streets of Cambridge, or walked among the shady bowers of Concord.

The culture of the mind brings forth the flower and the fragrance and the fruitage of our in-

tellectual natures. Truth invigorates; it makes buoyant and youthful. Truth is never old, never discordant.

Then, too, what perennial fountains of sparkling happiness are found in music, and art, and poetry! And what shall be said about nature? If people would be happy, they must get out of doors. God made the heavens, but man made the houses. Many houses are devices of Satan to shut man away from his God.

All nature is redolent of divinity. It is hard for a naturalist to be an unbeliever. Some great nature students have despised creeds, but maybe it was because their great God was too mighty to be bounded and measured by man's dialectical tapeline or foot rule. We should get out of doors. God, music, might, seas, trees, mountains, and men are out of doors; and if we would be happy, we must associate with the world outside, for we have a divine commission to subdue the earth. The "flower in the crannied wall" has yet many beautiful lessons for the thoughtful student.

The widow of Schumann says that whenever she was to play in public any of her husband's music, she would read over and over again the dear love letters he had written her during his life. All true love is divine, and what we call human love is really divine love, and is one of our earthly faculties which is the sure prophecy of the estate of infinity to which we are going, as it is the token of the infinite heart from which



we have sprung. No man can be truly happy who does not truly love, or is not truly loved. "The greatest of these is love."

If we would see the blue in the sky in the hurrying years, we must be busy doing good and useful things. Not like the animals, which by hunger and necessity and self-preservation are "irritated into action." People should do good for the love of goodness. No man is a soldier who must be driven to battle. No boy is a scholar who must be flogged to school. No man is good who must be scourged to duty. "A man is not good at all unless he takes pleasure in noble deeds. No man would call a man just who did not take pleasure in justice, nor generous who took no pleasure in acts of generosity."<sup>1</sup>

True happiness is hidden away in honest toil. The busy man is the contented man!

"Get leave to work  
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;  
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts  
Than men in benediction; God says 'sweat'  
For foreheads; men say 'crowns'; and so we're crowned,  
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel  
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work; get work;  
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."<sup>2</sup>

The blue sky is always found in service. He who would be "happy" among you, as well as "he who would be chief among you, must be the servant of all." When the old French nobility

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Browning.

chose as their motto, "Noblesse oblige," they simply accentuated one of the finest principles of the social organism, that "rank or privilege is obligation." Autocracies, feudal systems, wars, and all selfish ambitions must gradually go down before such a scepter. He who is not capable of service is not capable of joy.

The places of honor in the true nobility of earth are reserved for those who most affectionately serve their fellow men—these will outrank all hereditary titles and positions.

A recent writer has felicitously and truly suggested that all humanity can be divided between "makers of joy and makers of sorrow." She says: "This older psychology which divided men dogmatically into good and bad, wise and foolish, strong and weak, pure and impure, atheist and believer, contained too many, or too insufficient shades of differences. Would it not be better and more practical to divide men henceforth into two new classes, corresponding to the future tendencies toward which we are drifting—'Makers of Sorrow' and 'Makers of Joy,' since every day it becomes more evident that this classification will become the true measure of man's worth? Christianity seems foremost in returning to simple formulas and concentrating her forces on two principal ideas: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."<sup>1</sup>

We will easily find the blue in our own skies

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<sup>1</sup> Dora Melegari of Italy.

if we help to clear away the clouds from the skies of others. It is, indeed, an irony of fate that some of the world's best benefactors have often received despicable treatment from humanity. The early Methodists were denounced as "consecrated cobblers" and a "nest of vermin," by men who dipped their pens in gall. Dwight L. Moody was refused a license to preach because of his poor grammar. A Chicago publisher told me regretfully that he refused the manuscript of *In His Steps* when Charles M. Sheldon sent it to him for publication. It is not forgotten that the students at Edinburgh nicknamed Walter Scott "the great blockhead." Longfellow was refused fourteen dollars for his "Excelsior" by an insulting publisher; and where are the people now who laughed at a poor and lonely young man who appeared in the streets of Boston one winter day in linen trousers, known to-day as the Wizard of Menlo Park—Thomas A. Edison? When will a thoughtless humanity profit by the fact that "Seven cities contend for Homer dead through which the living Homer begged his bread"?

Since all clouds have a silver lining and every dark shadow has a bright side—for there would be no shadows if there were no sun—if anyone would be happy, he must look for the blue in the sky. It may be his duty, unlike the sun dial, to mark other than the bright hours, but he will not be wise unless he adopts the motto of a venerable English bishop, "Serve God and be cheerful."

It is hard to persuade some people to be Christians when it is seen that occasionally the most unhappy and most disagreeable people pose in a community as Christians. One of the first things true religion does for some people is to make it possible for other people to live with them. It may be possible that fault-finding and complaining people will escape misery, but it is certain that those who have to live with them do not. I am sure God has a special crown of beauty in heaven for those persons who are compelled to live on earth with disagreeable and cynical people.

The tender and the witty Hood said:

"No solemn and sanctimonious face I pull,  
And think I am pious when I am only bilious."

What is the use of worrying? None, because worry unfits for the battle of life; it is like cowardice to the soldier; it takes away poise and nerve and destroys capacity to enjoy even after we have attained. It is a species of fatalism, a soul malady which, unless cured, often leads to dementia and death.

People worry about the past because of lost opportunity and what they might have been. The past is useful only as it instructs and inspires for the future.

We worry about the future and weaken ourselves for the conflict by fearful forebodings which are never fulfilled. The first steamship

which ever crossed the Atlantic carried in its cargo copies of Dr. Lardner's famous but useless book, which was laboriously written to prove that it was an utter impossibility for a steamship to carry enough coal to make the voyage from Liverpool to New York.

Israel's warrior poet was acquainted with the tendency of men to overanxiety, for he wrote in one of his most thrilling poems, "Fret not thyself because of evildoers." Good is stronger than evil, or else the world long ago would have been destroyed.

A merry heart sees the bright side of things. It believes that the blackest cloud has a silver lining. It does not allow itself to be overwhelmed with anxiety, and is patient in the midst of uncertainty. It is sustained by an unfaltering trust and does not murmur while purposes are ripening.

It is commonly reported that a cat has nine lives, but from my childhood I have heard that once care killed a cat. I used to wonder when I was a lad about "corroding care" and what it was, but I understand better now, and realize what Shakespeare means when he says,

"Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive  
For things that are not to be remedied."

Care, indeed, is a corrosive sublimate and is a deadly poison to happiness, and, sooner or later, to life.

Why are we everlastingly after more things, more money, more lands, more houses, more clothes? Certainly we know that

“Old care has a mortgage on every estate

And that’s what you pay for the wealth that you get.”<sup>1</sup>

The United States Public Health Service has been saying some practical things on this subject:

“The birds build nests for the protection of their young against the weather, the foxes dig holes for security against foes, the squirrels lay by stores of nuts against the coming of winter, and dogs bury bones against the day when bones will be scarce. These are the manifestations of a normal protective instinct arising from an experience of many, many generations. So far as is known, though, no bird ever tried to build more nests than his neighbor; no fox ever fretted because he only had one hole in which to hide; no squirrel ever died of anxiety lest he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters instead of one; and no dog ever lost any sleep over the fact that he didn’t have enough bones laid aside to provide for his declining years.

“This protective instinct is also present in the human mind, and when properly directed is a great source of prosperity both to the individual and the nation. In order for man to store up and lay by, to gain advancement either in honor or material things, it is necessary that he take

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<sup>1</sup> John G. Saxe.

some forethought of the morrow, but just so soon as he carries this beyond the normal point, the mental process becomes an exaggerated and abnormal one. The normal protective instinct is stimulated by a normal fear of those events which are reasonably sure to happen in the future unless means are adopted against them. The moment that this fear becomes abnormal or exaggerated it overstimulates this protective instinct, and to no good purpose because it results in worry."

Worry is, therefore, an abnormal state, and we should study to prevent the cause of worry; and when troubles come, as they are bound to come to every one, if we shall have endeavored to cultivate the tranquil mind, the momentum of a quiet spirit will carry us over the testing moments which sorrow and adversity may bring. There appeared one like unto the Son of God in the fiery furnace with the three Hebrew children. We cannot afford to be whimsical and childish when the trial of our manhood and womanhood occurs. The worries of to-day are the jokes of to-morrow.

If a man would live on twenty-four hours a day and be happy and useful, he must learn how to play. At a little wayside resort in New England is the sign, "Why not Rest?" People become thin and scrawny who will not rest and play. People who play pray better. People who play pay better, and only those who play

once in a while know how delicious is work. Old fundamental educational ideals down to a half a century ago excluded play, but Froebel's initiative is generally followed in all educational systems to-day. Play is relaxation, it is the physical exercise which furnishes a needed tonic for the nerves and rest for the brain. If a man would live to be old, he must faithfully use his twenty-four hours a day. "Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old."<sup>1</sup>

A man is old when his work is done. "I feel as young as ever I did," is the exultant cry of the man who is "still achieving, still pursuing." Men at work forget to grow old. "A man is as young as he feels, a woman is as old as she looks."

Bounding ambition is a fine specific against infirmity. When W. W. Story was asked which one of his masterpieces in marble gave him the most satisfaction, he replied, "The one I am now working upon."

"Give me health and a day," cried the philosopher. Ability and opportunity with health and a day mean long and successful living, and the defeat of old age.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night, Forenoon  
and afternoon and night—Forenoon and—What?  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yes, what is life; make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer;  
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Swift.

<sup>2</sup> E. R. Sill.



A man in Eugene, Oregon, recently gave fifty thousand dollars to found a theological seminary in connection with the State University. A few days later he was nearly struck by an automobile; when he saw he wasn't killed, not even hurt, he burst out in such a volley of profanity that they arrested him and fined him five dollars for breaking the city ordinance. Many a man by his own inconsistencies invalidates much of the good he endeavors to do. After all, what a man does will not be more influential for good than what a man is. His ideals will furnish direction and momentum to the arrows which go from his bow. Character is the principal thing! That man will not be able to make a life on twenty-four hours a day or on twenty-four times twenty-four hours who has not learned that he who cheats his fellowmen cheats and defeats himself.

There is a glad side of things, and it is the factorship of hope to find the bright side, to dwell among the bright things, to preach the gospel of the light, to rejoice evermore and to keep this old earth ringing with gladdest music. As the light pierces the black night with its blazing shafts, so must hope run its aisles of brightness through all the gloom and despair of life.

The glad side of things may be logically predicated and established upon a few simple principles of Christian philosophy. God rules!—

sometimes in "a mysterious way, his wonders to perform," but

"His purposes are ripening fast,  
Unfolding every hour."

There is a distinct upward tendency in the trend of human events. God has been present at all of the pivotal points in history—constraining, rebuking, and controlling. A careful study of the philosophy of history shows unmistakably the influence of a great power. Design is as distinct in history as in the printing press. There is a manifest survival of the fittest—all history sustains the claim of Jesus Christ—"the meek shall inherit the earth." Paul's dictum, "All things work together for good," has been continually demonstrated in the lives of those who fill the conditions of the promise, "to them that love God." Love is obedience, obedience is order, order is peace, and peace is happiness.

There may be a "glad side" even of mistakes. Milton used to say, "I care not how many errors are loose in the world, so long as truth is left to run among them." John Brown's error at Harpers Ferry helped a nation of patriots to find out the true way. There is great cause for anxiety, and for awakening from lethargy on account of the evils around us, but there is really no ground for pessimism. A principle of Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy is that "life is an evil"; he joins hands with the Buddhist in welcoming

death. Pessimism and paganism are despair, but Christianity is hope.

There is a "glad side" to all of the trials and conflicts of life. Struggle has characterized all advancement. Time is usually indispensable to success. "All things come round to him who will but wait." Justice is sometimes delayed, but the Dreyfuses are often brought back from exile. A tiny baby was left on a doorstep. He was without a name, and because he was a child he was called George Washington Childs. At his death multitudes mourned his death and rejoiced on account of his life. He was a great journalist and a boundless benefactor. Thomas A. Edison was born in poverty, and at twelve years of age was a train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railway. The great Whitefield helped himself through Oxford by blacking the shoes of the students. Nearly every rich man in this country began life as a poor boy. Bunyan and Cervantes wrote their great masterpieces in prison; and but for the afflictions of Milton and Dante and Scott there would have been no "Paradise Lost," no "Divine Comedy," and no "Ivanhoe." Nearly all great philanthropies have been established, and are liberally sustained, by those who have suffered. During the Crimean War a cannon ball plowed its way into a beautiful garden inside a fort, and immediately there sprung up a fountain of cool water. Trials often discover and develop the best qualities of the soul. Patient struggle

usually achieves, though sometimes victory comes with tardy feet. When somebody sympathized with an Irish hod-carrier because of his heavy load and the high ladders, he replied, "Och, begorra, I am coming down half of the time!"

There are even silver linings to the dark clouds of affliction and death, when the toilsome tapestry weaver remembers that the dark threads must be woven with the bright ones, if the pattern of life shall be wrought in harmony with the Master's great thought.

The most miraculous thing that happens any glorious day is the sunrise in the morning, but there is not a sound—not a discordant note. Rosy-fingered Aurora rolls up out of the night in her chariot of fire; there is not a rumble of the golden wheels; there is no champing of the bits of the fiery steeds. All is a bursting climax of blazing quietness.

"See now, that radiant bow of pillared fires  
Spanning the hills like dawn until they lie in soft tranquillity  
And all night's ghostly glooms asunder roll."<sup>1</sup>

Cicero in one of his orations told the Roman people that "a happy life consists in tranquillity of mind."

Do we not love that sweet word "serenity"? The "sweet serenities" of the hills. The highest hilltops are the quietest, so is there calm in the altitude of lofty character. The "sweet serenities"

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<sup>1</sup>D. M. Mulock.

of love. Modern life is such a noisy thing. It is a wonder that young people can fall in love with such disturbing noises everywhere. When we select our homes we should choose a quiet street. The trolley, the telephone, the automobile are such disquieting things. No wonder love now and then has a hard time in the homes where there is so much confusion—so much buzzing. I tried to make my sermons for five years with the continuous roar of an elevated railroad not two hundred feet from my study windows. Nobody ever did, ever can do his best in a ceaseless clash of discordant sounds. "Quietness is strength." No wonder Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau and Alcott, and later Trowbridge could unfold a permanent literature in the haunts of peaceful Concord. If a cruel fate had placed them in a crowded Boston town, probably their work would never have been immortalized. Genius needs quietude.

No wonder a certain business man of Los Angeles has been compelled to go away for a long rest. I was in his office some weeks ago. His windows opened upon one of Broadway's busiest corners, and the tall buildings made a sounding board, and wild tornadoes of noises rolled up from the streets below and made a conversation nearly impossible. There is health in quietness, there is mental tenacity in serenity.

In nature growth is not because of storms but in spite of them. The tornado devastates; the

flood uproots and lays waste, but in the calm of day, in the serenity of the night, the mighty forest trees sink deep and the gentle flowers distill their fragrant alembics.

In "quietness there is strength, beauty," soul. God made ten hours of night that in the tranquillity of sleep man should soothe his spirit, smooth out the furrowed brow, and relax the hard lines of care. The miracle of balmy sleep is nature's "sweet restorer." A man is fit for any task who will sleep enough. Sleep will make him

"Serene, and resolute, and still  
And calm and self-possessed."<sup>1</sup>

"Still waters run deep." When the heart is fathomless in its love; when the brain is deep and thoughtful; when the faith reaches the depths of love divine; when the currents of life run in deep safe channels, then character is reaching some of its holiest possibilities. The shallow stream frets and foams and in the thirst of some hot sun it disappears. The mighty Nile, fed by the mountain snows, makes its way through blistering deserts safely to the sea. Tranquillity of soul is the reward of close communion with the Great Serene Christ of the skies.

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<sup>1</sup>Longfellow.

VI  
THE NEW MINISTRY

Bobbie Burns once in his diary wrote: "If ever any young man in the vestibule of the world chance to throw his eyes over these pages, let him pay a warm attention to the following observations, as I assure him that they are the fruit of a poor devil's dear-bought experience. I have literally, like that great poet, the great gallant, and by consequence great fool, Solomon, turned my eyes to behold madness and folly; nay, I have with all the ardor of a lively, fanciful, and whimsical imagination, shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. In the first place, let my pupil, as he values his own peace, keep up a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity."

Burns's love escapades and his moral lapses were not because he had the base instincts of the profligate and degenerate libertine, but because he lacked self-control. He was the true friend of men and the gallant defender of true womanhood, but his big, affectionate nature went astray at times, because he did not, in his own words, "keep up a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity."

Bobbie Burns's tender and pathetic exhortation to us is, "Keep up a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity." As his shipwrecked bark tragically sinks in the turbulent tide of a wild sea, he calls back to us, "Keep up a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity."



## CHAPTER VI

### THE NEW MINISTRY

WHILE angels have occupied a beautifully conspicuous place in the administration of God's providences in the past, and no doubt many times appeared in person to direct and bless, it must be acknowledged that during the Christian dispensation there is no record that angels have personally conferred with the holy men and women of earth. This is, no doubt, because we are dwelling in the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, that mysterious and sublime Comforter whom Jesus said he would send when he went away. Nevertheless, if any person who has a message and a ministry is one of God's angels, then the world is fuller of angels of God to-day than ever before in all the years.

When we read, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee," we are to understand that we are not only depending for guidance and protection upon the heavenly host of angels, but we are likewise to be protected and guided by those persons on earth who have a ministry and a message to the world from God.

Why, then, is not the farmer one of God's angels, for with his industry in planting and sowing and reaping is he not rendering a minis-

try to the physical needs of mankind? It is folly for us to depend upon heavenly visitants to supply us with food if we do not accept the ministry of the faithful farmer who comes to our doors with the rewards of his labors to satisfy our hunger.

And so of the teacher of truth. He finds out the hidden things of God and comes to the world with a message. It is equal folly for us to expect some heavenly guest to come to us and reveal to us the wonders of astronomy and chemistry and philosophy when by applying our humble gifts we can acquire knowledge from faithful teachers. Are not these teachers also God's angels?

In this fearful world crisis through which civilization and the divine ideals of freedom and justice and righteousness have been passing, God might have sent skies full of heavenly armies to fight against a savage autocracy, but he did not. However, were not these mighty hosts of magnificent men from England, Canada, Australia, France, Italy, and America God's angels as they went forth with a gallant and ready ministry of military skill?

It is just as true that God has given his angels charge over us to keep us when these human armies of human angels have willingly responded to the call of God and duty, as if militant Michael had led a host out of the skies and defeated the hostile hosts of Berlin.

And, too, when disease comes among us we are

not fanatically and ignorantly to lift our eyes toward the skies and expect heavenly angels to come down and protect or cure. They do not come down and till our fields and harvest the crops. They do not come to occupy the teachers' chairs in public school and college. They do not come down to fight our battles in France against the savage Hun. Why should we expect that they will come to combat disease when, under the direction of God's Holy Spirit, men have gone forth and made a study of the cause and cure of disease, and in many cases have discovered absolute specifics against some diseases and absolute cures for other diseases? Are not skillful physicians and devoted nurses as much God's angels, as they come with their intelligent and sympathetic ministries, as if Gabriel came out of the skies to touch the sick and make them well?

Therefore, when we are hungry, or ignorant, or assailed by a wicked foe, or ill, or exposed to illness or danger, we must accept the ministry and the message of those about us who are prepared to give to us a message and a ministry if we would have the care of God's angels whom a kind heavenly Father has sent to protect and bless, comfort and keep us in all our ways.

The wonderful ninety-first psalm must not be misunderstood. Like the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which says, "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon," and the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, which declares

“They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,” the statements of the ninety-first psalm are partly in the nature of a prophecy, and describe the condition which shall be enjoyed when “the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

It is evident that those who refuse to plant and harvest, and simply trust that God will give his angels charge over them, will starve to death. And those who will not study, but who simply trust God’s angels to give them intelligence, will remain in ignorance; and it is just as true that when disease is abroad if we refuse to accept the attention of faithful physicians and use care, and quarantine, and specifics, and other preventives, and merely trust that God will give his angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways, we will be likely to suffer and die of epidemics and malignant diseases.

We are to pray and trust. Just as we trust God for water, but we dig wells and gather water in reservoirs, so in all other physical matters we are to use the resources which a kind heavenly Father has deposited in the air and earth and water; and some day, when diseases and crime and selfishness are gone out of the world—as they must go when Christ comes in in his fulness—then “there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling,” because all evil shall have been driven out, and all tragic contagions shall have disappeared.

Just so long as people are careless, and poverty, bad sanitation, crime, and licensed evils are permitted to exist, the followers of God will not be immune from suffering and the good will suffer with the bad. And it is the height of folly simply to pray for God's spiritual angels when God's human angels are all about us ready to defend and minister.

It is the duty of all God's believers to make a strong and steady assault against the lions and the adders and the young lions and the dragons which invest society, and help to build the great highway which shall be called "the way of holiness," where "the redeemed of the Lord shall walk," and where "they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and "a little child shall lead them."

Some of these victorious days God's human angels will have so come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty that all wars and poverities and vices and diseases will be gone forever from the habitations of mankind.

There is no honor or happiness equal to being even one of God's most humble human angels. I think more of Martha than of her sister Mary, for while Mary sat and dreamed of God's spiritual angels and folded her hands in solemn meditation, Martha went about a busy ministry. Mary cast her burden on the Lord, and, as Kipling says, the Lord placed it upon Martha. Whenever people in their misapprehensions refuse to carry

their own care some one else has to carry it for them. All honor and praise to the human angels who not only see the things that ought to be done, but who go forward to do them.

One afternoon at a hospital recently I was greeted by one of the capable and successful young doctors of the city. He was big, strong, jovial, happy in his skillful ministries to his many patients. One week from that time he fell a victim to the prevailing disease, and a little wife and her baby, and many little mothers and their babies will miss the love and the tender ministries of a beloved husband and an attentive physician. I think that when that noble fellow appeared in the skies he was given the rich reward of being one of God's human angels.

And in a thousand years the stain of brutality which indelibly disgraces German militarism can never be wiped out as the story of the martyrdom of the trained nurse, gentle, fearless, beautiful Edith Cavell, is told and retold. She was one of God's human angels to take her immortal place beside Florence Nightingale, "the angel of the Crimea." Her last words before those cruel demons shot were: "I see now that patriotism is not enough; I must die without hatred or bitterness toward anyone. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

And when the Hun was devastating innocent and helpless Belgium was not the faithful priest a holy human angel as he remained to plead and

suffer, not forsaking his post even when he received word from the Vatican that the pope could do nothing for the afflicted Roman Catholics of Flanders? Most unenviable, indeed, to-day is the relation of the Holy See to the great world crisis. The huge, autocratic, ecclesiastical organization which refused to go to the help of suffering Belgium will not find a recovering humanity asking for help in the mighty movements of world reconstruction. With military autocracy gone from Germany and Europe, ecclesiastical autocracy will not long be tolerated in Europe and the world. The neutrality of the Roman pontiff in the hours when religion and justice and righteousness were hanging in the balance was ecclesiasticism's unpardonable sin. The fetish of papal infallibility is both pitiful and ludicrous, but Father Mercier was one of God's human angels.

And what shall be said of those human angels who, as loving parents, bring to the home their tender ministries and messages? After one of those fearful attacks upon our American boys at the front, when our line stood firm although many brave lads were killed and wounded, John R. Mott said to General Edwards: "General, how do you explain it? How is it possible for these boys to come from their peaceful homes right into the teeth of such a terrible experience, and to stand up before it like veterans?"

And the gallant soldier promptly replied: "Mr.

Mott, it is very simple. I give all the credit to the influence of the American mother."

Even so, the boys of the American army realized that they were fighting not only to protect but to fulfill the ideals and expectations of their mothers. This war was, in a way unknown before to history, a mother's war. The Prussian made his war upon the home and the motherhood of Belgium and France, and the men in the Allied armies fought to defend the homes and the mothers of the world, and to punish those who brought suffering upon mothers and their children.

"He was a little Belgian lad  
Whom war had somehow failed to mar,  
Almost a baby face he had,  
Bewildered now and vaguely sad.  
'Where are you going in the wind and rain?  
And must you travel far?'  
He said, 'I've started out to find  
The country where the mothers are.'"<sup>1</sup>

Gipsy Smith went from England to comfort and inspire the brave British boys. One day the order came to go "over the top." Gipsy knew the boys personally and their fathers and mothers and wives and children at home; and just before the command was executed, they all knelt together and he prayed for them and for the great cause for which they were fighting. And away they went in a storm of shrapnel and through the barbed wire entanglements. It was a deadly battle—a fearful shamle.

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<sup>1</sup>Grace Hazard Conklin.



When those who survived came back, Gipsy was waiting for them, and he tells the story: "As they were coming back there was a lad on a stretcher with his face soaked with blood. I knew his mother, and I thought of what she would have done. I stooped and I kissed his bloody face, in memory of the mother. I said to the attendants, 'How bruised and shattered his head is!' I thought the lad was too far gone to understand. But he not only understood, he recognized my voice. He said, 'Gipsy, am I going to Blighty, or am I going West?' And I told him the truth. 'Son, you are going West.' He was quiet for a moment, and then he managed to speak so that I could hear him, and he said in short whispering gasps: 'Tell Mother I am not afraid to die. Tell her I have found Christ. Tell her it is glorious to die for liberty.' He had not failed his mother, his country, or his God."

It is not hard for me to believe that Gipsy Smith was one of God's angels that day, as he ministered to that dying boy, and tenderly kissed him in behalf of the little mother at home.

One radiant California afternoon my pastoral duties called me out of my study, and in driving along an open part of the city I saw a tiny lad with his kite in his hand leave his cozy cottage home, and as he departed he called back "Good-by, mother!" and with exquisite tenderness a gracious young woman replied, "Good-by, my son; be careful!" And the little man went off to his

happy play; and "Good-by, mother!" and the beautiful scene of the mother and her picturesque little home lingered with me. And as the years come and go wherever that noble boy shall wander in the flying of his kite of ambition and duty, those loving words will follow him—"Good-by, my son; be careful!" And no seas will be boisterous enough, and no storms thunderous enough, and no barrage of battle with its terrific uproar will be loud enough to drown the soft accents of that sweetest of all voices—"Good-by, my son; be careful!" And, perhaps, some day, in the long distant future, when the mother is helpless with infirmity, she will wholly and trustfully lean upon the strong arm and the loving heart of that child to full manhood grown. And some unexpected day she will glide away upon a quiet sea, and out of the golden glory of the sunset hour she will again call back to him, "Good-by, my son; be careful!" A mother divine, God's most perfect creation—one of God's angels.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee,  
To keep thee in all thy ways!"

As in the past, so in the New Day God must needs depend upon his happy human angels.

VII  
MONUMENTS

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a life-long monument.

—*Milton's Epitaph to Shakespeare.*

Monuments! what are they? the very pyramids have forgotten their builders, or to whom they were dedicated. Deeds, not stones, are the true monuments of the great.—*Motley.*

There is great incongruity in this idea of monuments, since those to whom they are usually dedicated need no such recognition to embalm their memory; and any man who does, is not worthy of one.—*Hawthorne.*

## CHAPTER VII

### MONUMENTS

ONE day, with my heart filled with surging emotions and tragic memories, I stood by the glistening memorial to William McKinley which the sympathetic citizens of Buffalo have erected at an advantageous point where many streets converge. There it stands in marble beauty, pointing its finger to the skies, a token of the pure character of a martyr to liberty, and likewise of the place where his white soul dwells in eternal mansions.

The custom of rearing monuments to commemorate important historical events, and as grateful memorials to personal courage and character and achievement, is most ancient.

Jacob, after his notable night and vision at Bethel, where he discovered God in an unexpected place, and found the very gate of heaven, erected a pillar to mark the event and the spot.

When the children of Israel passed over the Jordan dry shod, they built a monument of twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes, to commemorate the fact that God had wrought a great miracle in order to deliver his chosen people.

Poor recalcitrant and disobedient Absalom, fear-

ing that "no one would keep his name in remembrance," erected a monument to himself in the king's dale, where it still stands; and for hundreds of years it has been the custom for each passer-by to pick up a stone and hurl it at the tomb to show his contempt for the character of this handsome ingrate.

When beautiful Rachel's life went out at the birth of Benjamin, Jacob erected a costly and graceful pillar over her precious dust.

The highways of civilization are marked with arches, pillars, obelisks, pyramids, and tablets of marble and bronze. Among prehistoric peoples sepulchral mounds were constructed called tumuli, and are found to-day in many parts of America, Asia, and Africa.

At Heliopolis the ancient Egyptians erected a Temple to the Sun and a group of obelisks which lifted their pink granite fingers like sun's rays toward the skies and were covered with strange hieroglyphics. They have been called Cleopatra's Needles and have been removed to different parts of the world, one having been placed in Central Park, New York city. Only one obelisk has been left standing at the site of the ancient temple. It is surrounded by the stubble of an unfertile grain field, and not far away is a miserable village whose inhabitants eke out a scanty subsistence from the baksheesh of the not often liberal tourists.

In the year B. C. 353 King Mausolus at Hali-

carnassus commenced a massive memorial, thus giving his own name to the mausoleums of modern times. It was completed after his death by Artemesia, his wife. Scopas and other great sculptors and architects immortalized themselves in this colossal structure, which came to be known as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. To-day only bits of the frieze of this remarkable edifice remain and may be seen in the British Museum. In making excavations a few centuries ago beautiful colored marbles and elaborately carved columns were found, but these invaluable treasures were heedlessly used for making lime by the ignorant natives.

How short-lived, indeed, is the influence of that nation which depends upon its material grandeur and superstructures to influence succeeding generations!

In 1799 there was found in northern Egypt a treasure of great importance to the scholars. It is called the Rosetta Stone and bears upon its surface parallel inscriptions in Egyptian hieroglyphics and in the Greek. By means of the Rosetta Stone a key was found to the hieroglyphics which until this great discovery had baffled the efforts of the most brilliant students, and they were enabled to add much to the verified history of these ancient peoples. But among all of the memorial stones of other generations none contributed so much to the learning of the years as the Moabite Stone, which was found in 1868 near Dhiban, east

of the Jordan. The Moabite stone was erected by Mesha, king of Moab, B. C. 900, in commemoration of his deliverance from the Israelites. This story is engraved on the stone, and is not only the oldest monument of the Semitic alphabet, but it clearly confirms the Bible history as recorded in the book of the Kings. Next to the testimony of eyewitnesses, monumental evidence is considered the strongest.

The most remarkable and colossal monument on the earth to-day is the Great Pyramid of Egypt, built by Cheops in the year 2800 before Christ. There it stands defying the ravages of the tooth of time, and mutely telling of the gigantic enterprise of a bygone age. Isaiah is supposed to refer to it when in the nineteenth chapter of his prophecy he says: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt; for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them."

This remarkable structure covers thirteen acres, and its slant height reaching to an apex is more than five hundred feet. It is still a problem to architects to know how this massive pile was constructed, for it is known that the quarries were many miles distant. Multitudes of workmen must have been engaged for an indefinite time;



and without steam and modern appliances they were able to lift the heaviest blocks of stone and granite. It seems to have rendered a double purpose. Its grand gallery would appear to indicate that provision for a telescope had entered into its construction and had been used for astronomical observations, and after the death of the builder it was to serve as a tomb for himself and his queen, as there are two chambers deep in the heart of the structure, in one of which there still remains a sarcophagus.

The most exquisite memorial in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, India. It was built in 1629 as a mausoleum by the Shah Jehan, in memory of his favorite wife, at the fabulous cost of \$50,000,000. It is constructed of white marble and is embellished with numberless delicate and intricate designs; and justifies, indeed, the definition of some rapturous poet that such "architecture is frozen music."

The word "monument" is derived from the Latin "*monere*," which means to warn and to admonish. Nations erect monuments to the memory of men who have become the incarnation of the ideals of a generation. Every great man is a resultant. As the mountains rest upon the foothills, so do great men depend for their lofty stature upon the multitudes of humble men upon whose shoulders they stand. A man becomes great when he is able to incorporate in himself and in his actions and utterances the dreams and

visions of those who have preceded him and are contemporaneous with him. A man is great when he becomes the spokesman of a mighty truth which the multitudes are feeling and believing.

All great reforms commence with the common people, among the humble and unknown. The pioneer comes out of the lower strata of society. At first he is ridiculed and often put to death, but the truth for which he suffers survives him, and some one else seizes the torch from his faltering hand; but the John Browns and the Lovejoys and the Garrisons are always followed by the Wilberforces and the Lincolns. The pioneers do not usually have the monuments—the humble people are forgotten; but when the monuments are unveiled to the Lincolns, and the praises of the Lincolns are being sung throughout the land, the true student of events knows that as the greater always includes the lesser, so every word spoken or sung in praise of the Lincolns is a word of acknowledgment and appreciation of the Garrisons and the Lovejoys and the John Browns, without whom the Lincolns would have been impossible.

Any man who is to-day valiantly defending his convictions and ideals, however humble he may be, is contributing his modest part to a condition which later will find expression and crystallization in some man or group of men who will carry these ideals and convictions to their inevitable and glorious fruition. We call a man a great man and build a monument to his memory when he has

gathered into his own heart and life and personality the ideals of his age.

That is, therefore, the true meaning of Washington's Monument in Washington, D. C.; of the Faith monument at Plymouth; of the Pillar at Bunker Hill; of Grant's Tomb on the Hudson; of the glistening memorials to Lee and Jefferson Davis in Richmond; of General Jackson in New Orleans; of Daniel Webster in Washington; of Lincoln at Springfield; of Farragut in Madison Square and of General Sherman in Central Park, New York; of St. Gaudens's bas-relief of Robert Gould Shaw in Boston, and of Frances Willard in the nation's capital.

There are three notable monuments to very humble women in the world. One is in New Orleans. It is a monument to Margaret. She was a baker and she is represented in the marble as sitting in her old fashioned rocking-chair. She always maintained her humble dress and manners and methods of living. She amassed a fortune, all of which was left to the orphans of New Orleans.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, is a beautiful testimonial to Catharine St. Clair. She served the poor and never dreamed that she was great. After a life of unselfish devotion she went up to her coronation, and a grateful people erected a monument to her memory, and no one was permitted to give more than a six-pence.

The other of these three monuments is to

Mary Jones. It stands in the midst of the ruins of the cottage in which she lived in Wales, and bears the inscription: "In memory of Mary Jones, who in the year 1800 at the age of 18 walked from here to Belo to procure a copy of a Welsh Bible. This incident was the occasion of the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society." This monument was erected by the Sunday school scholars. You will remember that this little girl found after her long journey that there were no more Bibles for distribution, and returned sadly to her home.

On September 30, 1907, the McKinley Mausoleum was dedicated at Canton, Ohio, with imposing ceremonies. Over one million people contributed to the six hundred thousand dollars which was the cost of this beautiful memorial. It bears two inscriptions, one of which is taken from his last speech in Buffalo:

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

The other inscription is as follows:

"Wm. McKinley, President of the United States; a statesman, singularly gifted to unite the discordant forces of government, and mould the diverse purposes of men toward progressive and salutary action; a magistrate whose poise of judgment was tested and vindicated in a succession of national emergencies; a good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, helper and leader of men,

exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the state, society, and the home."

There is another kind of monument far more important than these which are constructed of granite and bronze, and referred to by our Lord when he said of Mary: "This that she hath done shall be spoken of as a memorial of her." It is the monument of deeds.

"Go put your creed into your deeds," said Emerson; and Horace in one of his immortal odes sang:

"I've reared a monument alone  
More durable than brass or stone,  
Whose cloudy summit is more hid  
Than regal height of pyramid—  
I shall not surely die!"

Deeds build imperishable monuments. Unmerited monuments will fall sooner or later into ruins; and what is more pathetic than a monument which has survived the memory of the name upon it? Pliny the Younger wrote: "The erection of a monument is superfluous; the memory of us will last if we have deserved it in our lives."

When one has spent several hours in Saint Paul's magnificent minster in London, and with increasing wonder has honored the noble skill of the great architect who suspended this massive dome between heaven and earth, his admiration for the modest builder will substantially increase when far down in the floor of the crypt of the cathedral, upon a slab under his feet, he finds

the name of Christopher Wren and the simple inscription over his dust, "*Si Monumentum requiris circumspice*"—"If you would seek his monument, look about you."

In these after-war days, when monuments are being projected and erected to commemorate the valor of American soldiers, we may recall the remark of Napoleon, "Brave deeds are the monuments of brave men."

If a man's deeds are not his greatest monument, then no pillar of granite can give him true immortality. We are immortal till our work is done; and a man's work is not done so long as the influence of his deeds abides.

"Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids,  
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall."

Contrast with the monuments of noble deeds those monuments which men build for themselves because they are sure their fellow men will never give them such recognition. Such monuments are not honored memorials, but danger signals placed upon the edges of the dizzy precipices of vanity and egotism. Such monuments will always be treated with contemptuous disregard. There is such a monument in a beautiful cemetery in Oakland, California. It was built by a rich egotist before he died, and it is a dismal reminder to all who pass by of the inordinate self-adoration of a weak and vain creature.

A grateful posterity will not forget its true bene-

factors, and a discriminating posterity will not remember unworthy ancestors, though their names and figures should be carved out of granite mountains. The wise Cato said, "I would rather men would ask why my statue is not set up than why it is." Indeed, reading and observation make it evident that those who do not feel themselves worthy of monuments are those whose memory is kept green by a grateful future.

In Geneva, Switzerland, is a colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Burgundy, who conditioned large gifts to the city provided the citizens should erect this very ostentatious monument. Not far away in a modest graveyard is a plain slab marked "J. C." Here lies the dust of John Calvin, the great Swiss reformer and theologian, and one of the heroic builders of the Christian Church. Deeds, noble deeds were Calvin's greatest memorials.

How often God makes the wrath of men to praise him is forcibly illustrated in the little town of Aosta in a valley of Switzerland in sight of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Here Calvin failed to establish the theocratic government which five years later was in successful operation in Geneva. And, in passing, let us remind ourselves that our fathers borrowed many of the ideas of our American republic from the successful experiments of John Calvin in his republic in Geneva. In this town of Aosta, in the middle of a narrow thoroughfare, his implacable enemies

placed a small monument which bears the strange inscription that it was erected to commemorate the failure of John Calvin to introduce Protestantism into Italy. They crowded Calvin out of Aosta as his bitter foes drove Jesus out of Capernaum; and as Capernaum is in ignominious ruins to-day so would Aosta be unknown save as it is associated with the mistreatment of the great reformer.

There is another monument, however, to Calvin in Aosta. It is unique and perhaps the most picturesque in the world. There is an uncomfortable wind that blows in the valley of Aosta every day, rising regularly at eleven o'clock and lasting until four in the afternoon. Four hundred years ago the people, to disparage the great teacher whom they would not receive, called it "Calvin's wind." This strange ethereal and invisible memorial has lasted through these hurrying centuries; and by a singular irony of fate will continue as long as the valley of Aosta is populated, to perpetuate the name and memory of a man whose disdainful contemporaries sought to consign to early contumely and everlasting oblivion. This is a half-facetious application of an old adage, "The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

Deeds are the only enduring memorials. Deeds! Deeds! A deed begun is half-done.

A few years ago<sup>1</sup> a letter appeared in the Century

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<sup>1</sup> December, 1886.



Magazine from E. W. Whitney complaining that the nation had never erected a monument to his illustrious father, who had invented the cotton-gin. The son need not suffer alarm. Eli Whitney has an imperishable name more enduring than a statue of bronze. He was one of the greatest benefactors of the South. By his machine instead of one pound of cotton a day by hand, fifty pounds could be cleaned. His invention enriched England and made the South financially and commercially.

The great historian Macaulay wrote: "What Peter the Great did to make Russia dominant, Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin has more than equaled in its relation to the power and the progress of the United States." For instance, in 1790 thirty millions pounds of raw cotton were sent to England, while in 1860, seventy years later, one thousand million pounds were shipped. In 1790 a field-hand slave was worth only two hundred and fifty dollars, and in 1860 he was worth one thousand six hundred dollars.

I have no objection to some material monument to Eli Whitney, but his place is forever assured in memorials of gratitude which are permanent and imperishable.

At the close of the Civil War General Armstrong was placed in charge of a company of Negroes who were contrabands of war, and he began to teach these colored people how to work out their own salvation. It was a prodigious task. He was laughed at by the whites and execrated by the

blacks; but on he went, taking as his motto, "Doing what cannot be done is the glory of living." He died of overwork all too soon, and in his diary were found the words: "I have never known what self-sacrifice means." One day a raw-boned but industrious Negro lad came to Hampton and fell under the influence of this great man; and General Armstrong lived again in the notable career of Booker T. Washington.

On one of America's historic battlefields is an imposing monument standing near the point of surrender, and rising to a height of nearly two hundred feet. A mile away the beautiful, deep-blue Hudson flows majestically toward the sea, and all about the massive granite pile lies the historic battlefield. To be sure, "the smoke that hung upon the hills of Saratoga's battlefield on that sad, autumn day has lifted long ago and healing grasses grow in those deep gashes cut by shot and cannon balls. Now the wild plum blooms on those green hills and robins sing their roundelays among the apple boughs. The grass is fresh with summer rain and wild flowers bloom in that same soil which was wet with human blood."<sup>1</sup>

From the monument comes a most striking and impressive lesson. Just above the entrances on the four sides of the monument are four niches provided for fine bronze statues of heroic size of the victors of that memorable battle of Saratoga. In the niche facing the east is the statue of General

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Coke Woods.

Philip Schuyler—Schuyler, of whom it has been said that “General Gates never would have captured Burgoyne had he not followed the plans of General Schuyler and taken his advice.” Looking toward the west is General Daniel Morgan, and facing the north is General Horatio Gates.

There is a fourth niche facing the south, but it is empty. It should have been occupied by one whose brilliant deeds helped to make the victory at Saratoga possible. Indeed, the niche faces the scenes of his most heroic achievements. But the niche is empty, “save as spiders spin their tangled webs among its sullen shadows”—empty because one of the heroes of Saratoga later became a betrayer of his country. The brave soldier who was nearly fatally wounded at Saratoga lived to strike a remorseless blow at his country’s weal, and Benedict Arnold’s niche is forever unoccupied.

It is possible for men who have nobly achieved to come to some sad, subsequent day when some one deed of vengeance or of vice shall with disgraceful blot stain back through all the leaves of life already turned.

As one stands before the empty niche at Saratoga its message sinks deep into the heart. What a man does can never be any better than what a man is. And must we not be increasingly on our guard against the temptations which assail the man who has already enjoyed some of life’s successes? And it must not be forgotten that any vantage ground of fulfilled ambitions does not

make safe any dalliance with evil in any of its insidious forms. And likewise it must be remembered that certain fearful temptations will come to men in middle life which did not assail them in their earlier years. Never in youth or in maturity must there be an instant's truce between virtue and vice.

"We are building every day,  
In a good or evil way,  
And the structure as it grows  
Must our inmost self disclose,  
Till in every arch and line  
All our hidden faults outshine.

"Do you ask what building this  
That can show both pain and bliss,  
That can be both dark and fair?  
Lo! its name is Character.  
Build it well, whate'er you do!  
Build it straight and strong and true,  
Build it clean and high and broad,  
Build it for the eye of God."<sup>1</sup>

When Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, was in this country he was assailed by much hostile criticism. Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered him the columns of the New York Herald to reply to his traducers. In broken English, he thanked the editor, saying, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me, and I play against tem."

Deeds! Deeds! Our work is our best defense. If we bring things to pass, our enemies are soon

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<sup>1</sup> James Buckham.

defeated. "Christ never wrote a tract, but he went about doing good."<sup>1</sup>

The most exquisite structure in the United States is the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C. When an Indian from the Western plains gazed upon its storied splendor and dazzling interior, he reverently asked, "Made by man?" And they answered him,

"The hand of man hath builded,  
But behind was the heart of God."

Deeds! Deeds! A boy from Eton school went over to London and was appalled by the squalor and misery which everywhere abounded. His heart went out especially for the poor unfortunate boys. He went down under London Bridge, and with him went two wharf-rats as his first scholars. He got a barrel, and a board, and a couple of candles, and some old books, and started his first night school. And to-day Quinton Hogg's polytechnic schools are all over Great Britain, and in her distant colonies as well, and armies of men are praising the name and holding sacred the memory of a man of heart and deeds.

An atheist who spent a few days with the holy Fénelon said, "If I stay here much longer, I shall be a Christian in spite of myself," and yet the saintly man had not spoken a word of solicitation. A great man said, "I tried to be a skeptic when a young man, but my mother's life was too much for me."

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<sup>1</sup> Horace Mann.



VIII  
THE NEW GENTLENESS

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.—*Dryden.*

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman.

—*Tennyson.*

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

—*Shakespeare.*



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE NEW GENTLENESS

"**THY** gentleness hath made me great" are not the words of an exquisitely beautiful woman like the mother of Samuel, or of the sweet Virgin Mother of Nazareth, whose divine gentleness had made them great in the sight of God and man, but they are the soul outburst of a mighty victorious warrior, the Grant or Foch of Israel, even so far away as a thousand years before Bethlehem's star twinkled above the wondering shepherds.

It is told in the records of the history of Israel, according to the Second Book of Samuel, that the Philistines, the long-time enemies of Israel, who had been often defeated but never exterminated, "had yet war again" with the hosts of the Most High. In this battle not only was the army of Philistia led forth by one giant as when David, when only a shepherd boy, vanquished the garrulous giant of Gath, but in this conflict even four mighty giants, one of whom was "the brother of Goliath the Gittite," with fiendish vengeance "defied Israel"; but these haughty giants one and all "fell by the hand of David and by the hand of his servants."

After the overwhelming victory David's grate-

ful soul broke forth in a tumultuous song of thanksgiving, which as never before we now appreciate, because we too are seeking to adequately express our gratitude to the Almighty Father for victories in battle which he vouchsafed to those who fought for God and humanity.

This outburst of praiseful melody is found not only in the historic setting in Samuel, but appears also in the collection of songs known as "The Psalms." They are identical except for a few unimportant verbal discrepancies.

It is a magnificent triumphant ode which reaches the dimensions of real grandeur—an impassioned and divinely inspired anthem of prophetic praise; a successful effort of a soul full of rapture to magnify the great and mighty Jehovah. It finds a beautiful antithesis in the *Magnificat* of the radiant Virgin Mother when she sang, exultingly, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

There are many striking and artistic lines in this masterpiece of the Warrior Poet, such as:

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."

"He rode upon a cherub, and did fly;  
Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind."

"He brought me forth also into a large place."

"For by thee I have run through a troop;  
And by my God do I leap over a wall."

In the midst of these majestic strains there is a soft refrain which sings itself into our memory and awakens our ever increasing wonder: "And thy gentleness hath made me great." That is, great, not in his own humble sight, nor before the Mighty God and the Everlasting Father, but great in the eyes of men who have beheld his triumphant victory.

But our profound interest gathers about that marvelous word, which to even pronounce it—"gentleness"—exorcises from our spirits, and even from our voices, all harshness and discord: "Gentle"—"gentleness"—"Thy gentleness hath made me great."

What is this mystic, divine quality which belongs to God and which when passed over to man makes him useful, and happy, and victorious as he fares forth to fight the battles of justice and truth and righteousness?

None of the versions of the Scriptures are willing to displace this word of rhythm and of beauty. Like the word "charity"—"the greatest of these is charity"—it belongs unchanged to the vocabulary of true greatness. "With thy meekness thou hast multiplied me." We may seek their synonyms and define gentleness as meekness, or condescension, or clemency, or kindness, and charity as love, and dearness, but at the last we come back and find our fullest satisfaction in the words themselves, "gentleness"—"charity."

The completest definition of gentleness is found

in the Man of Galilee—the Son of Mary and of God—"Earth's first gentleman," Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Gentleness is meekness, but meekness is not weakness; it is strength. Is not gentleness strength controlled? Moses, we were taught in our childhood's catechism, was the meekest of men, but was ever a leader and administrator so virile and brave as was he; able to control the raging passions of men, and in the blazing glory of shaking Sinai to look even into the face of God! A man of mightiest mentality, of stalwart figure, of unswerving fidelity—a man of vigorous personality, so human, so divine that no other man has ever been so trusted with such sacred and profound secrets of God—and yet among the ancient humans he was the apotheosis of gentleness.

Gentleness in women, a sweet repose and serenity, as Montaigne says, "is paramount to everything else in woman." A masculine woman, with harsh voice and manner, is so anomalous and distasteful that it awakens the resentment, if not the pity, of the gallant man who is given to idealizing all women. Woman's most convincing and persuasive possession is gentleness. A brilliant woman says, "Fearless gentleness is the most beautiful of feminine attractions born of modesty and love." In woman the final conquest is to gentleness. Women would have had their suffrage rights long ago if the early champions

of her political recognition could have been gentlewomen. Coarse, mannish women did not ingratiate the just cause which they represented. After all, personality is the most powerful element in any argument. Gracious Frances Willard did more to bring about a right appreciation of what should be woman's social and political status than scores of ranting and vociferous women with masculine stride and gesture and vocalization, because she was the gentle, and cultured, and always tastefully attired prophetess of a new day for gentlewomanhood.

And, if anyone were able to analyze that indefinable splendor which makes the mother unique and the most divine of all human beings, he would linger long on the quality of gentleness which must belong to the purest of God's celestial beings.

Gentleness as a quality of true manliness has not always been looked for in men. It has been customary to talk about men as wise and strong and brave. So far as I can now remember none of the great Greeks or Romans magnified gentleness as a necessity to complete manhood; but with Christianity there came a new ideal of the virile and valiant man: "A Christian, a true Christian, is God Almighty's gentleman."

In a man gentleness is the complete control of strong and sterling characteristics. Gentleness is character with a safety device. The perfection of a sixty-horse-power engine is quietness—

gentleness. Gentleness in a Corliss engine or an automobile is not the absence of power but the absolute control of mighty forces which, unmastered, could tear, explode, and kill. In woman it should be the wisdom of gentleness, in man the gentleness of wisdom; in woman the courage of gentleness, in man the gentleness of courage; in woman the virility of gentleness, in man the gentleness of virility; in woman the faith, the hope, the love of gentleness, in man the gentleness of faith and hope and love. The difference between men and women is not in quality but in the accent. Man must especially accentuate the field, the chase, the forum, the sword, the pen; woman, the cradle, the fireside, the family altar, the holiest emotions of the soul.

Just as woman came in all her glorious potentialities into the world when Jesus came, so it is true that the world was four thousand years old also before man came to his holiest estate. Who is this peasant Prophet who dares to say that "the meek shall inherit the earth" in the face of the ever-present fact that it was Roman might that was avowedly declaring, "I have the right to do what I have the might to do," and that had practically subjugated the whole civilized world? And when we have carefully analyzed the forces which operated in the decline and fall of the Roman empire, and the decline and fall of mediæval ecclesiasticism, and the decline and fall of the empire of Napoleon, and the decline and

fall of the base institution of human slavery, and the decline and fall of the unspeakable Turk, and the infinitely more unspeakable Hohenzollern; and the decline and fall of the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs, and the decline and fall of the bestial absolutism of King Alcohol, with wonder and praise we will gratefully acknowledge that all of these forces have gone down, and will, with other inimical influences, continue to go down before the advancing steps of the Prince of Peace, whose nature is meekness and whose scepter is love.

Henry Drummond, the refined Scottish gentleman and Christian, to whom, when her husband was dying, a plain artisan woman felt at liberty to send the message, "Will you not come to see my husband? I want him to have a breath of you about him before he dies," Henry Drummond, this man of atmosphere and power, in recalling the influences which awakened his noblest self within him, says that "Ruskin taught him to use his eyes; that Emerson taught him to see with his mind; that Channing taught him to believe in God; that Robertson of Brighton taught him that God was human. Yet all of them together could not teach Drummond the art of life. Passing by all transcripts, however opulent and luminous, he sought out original sources for himself. And behold, he learned life from Christ, in Christ, through Christ, and Christ only. Borrowing the words of Henry Ward Beecher, Drummond says: 'My hidden ideals of what is beautiful

I have drawn from Christ. My thoughts of what is manly, and noble, and pure have almost all of them arisen from the Lord Jesus Christ.' ”<sup>1</sup>

Yes, Christ is the All-Highest, the incomparable Son of God and Son of man, and no one can follow Thomas à Kempis, or Francis of Assisi, or Bernard of Clairvaux, or John Hus, or Peter Waldo, or John Wesley, in his “Imitation of Christ” without coming into the possession of a consummate gentleness.

Nothing can be more gentle than the beams that shine from the face of the sun or drop out of the light treasures of the moon, and yet sunbeams slip the icy bolts of winter and bedeck a barren earth with beauty, and moonlight, in some mysterious way, controls the tides of the sea and maintains the equilibrium of the earth-universe. Nothing is more subtle or more quiet than gravity, and yet its realm is universal and all must bow to its inexorable scepter.

Gentleness includes sympathy, kindness, culture, quietness, deference, modesty, but none the less is gentleness courageous, tenacious, wise, virile, and sometimes righteously indignant with evil. There is no force mightier among men for truth and justice than when gentleness with holy anger drives the impertinent trespassers from the sacred precincts of God’s holy purposes. A furious gentleness is sometimes necessary to expel the disobedient from the Edens of earth, the dese-

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. F. F. Shannon.



crators from the temples of worship, and the Kaiser libertines from the abodes of men.

God gives to man a gentle woman for his mother because God wants a man to possess the gentleness of a woman along with the native virility of the man—a gentle virility. God gives a woman a virile man for a father because he wants the perfect woman to possess a virile gentleness. When God has his way every man will be a gentleman.

Much of the discontent in married life is due to the absence on the part of the man of that gentleness without which in the courtship he could never have won the fair girl's heart and hand. I once heard a woman explain why she never forsook her husband during a period of years in which he drank too freely. She said that no matter how intoxicated, he was never rude or discourteous to her. By and by, with her help, he was able to break the chain of alcoholic slavery. He was a born gentleman, and even strong drink could not seize the scepter from him.

Wars of violence and aggression must go because gentleness has a better way. All vice and avarice must go because they are incompatible with gentleness. All bitter rivalries must disappear because to gentleness belong brotherly kindness and charity, and gentleness emphasizes the precept, "In honor preferring one another."

It is true that only those who possess strength can possess gentleness, for if a person have gentleness without strength his gentleness is merely

weakness. Have you noticed the influence exerted by a real gentleman when he comes into the presence of men who are coarse and even profane? True gentleness is not condescending and patronizing, it is dignity and humility so combined as to make the gentleman approachable and engaging.

"There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,  
Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse  
tide;

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace;  
Nature puts forth her gentle man, and monarchs must give  
place."<sup>1</sup>

The gentleman is the very highest product of the art of manliness. As Emerson well says, "The flowering of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman." I have met men to whom I never revert in memory without feeling my emotions of true manliness stimulated.

I wonder if gentlemanliness is not a native quality of the true American. All over Europe, in England, in France, in Italy, the praises of the American soldier are on the lips of all, and uniformly there is a reference to the unusual courtesy and kindness of Uncle Sam's boys at the front. A French Cabinet minister, in referring to these gracious qualities in the American army, said, "The Americans have saved Paris, and they have done it as if we did them a favor in permitting it." I am glad to believe that the politeness of the American soldier in France is not an artificiality

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<sup>1</sup> Eliza Cook.

which he removes as he does his helmet or his puttees, but it is an innate quality which he has inherited from his English and French ancestry, and which in the transmission has lost nothing of its former glory.

The most kingly possession of kings is gentleness. Every empire in the world's history which has been founded on force has disappeared, and the most tragic application of this principle is seen in the empire of William II, which, after forty-eight elusive years, is rapidly going into oblivion. The most prosperous and eventful reign in all the long and renowned history of Great Britain was when that true woman, Queen Victoria, sat upon the throne and had for her chief adviser her own husband, one of the finest types of the real gentleman which European history has produced.

Who do you think is the best-loved ruler in Europe to-day? I am sure King George and King Albert of Belgium have the hearts of their people, and I do not personally know who is better loved than they, but I have been much impressed with the claim made by a brilliant Italian that Victor Emmanuel III is "undoubtedly the most beloved ruler in Europe" to-day. The King of Italy insists that he "does not rule—he reigns."

Unless I am mistaken in my impressions of this noble king, gentleness is his most conspicuous and ingratiating quality. All during the fearful war he spent most of the time with his brave heroes at

the battle front. He was a familiar figure in the hospitals and the trenches, and has more often messed with the men in their rude quarters than with the officers.

A loyal Italian subject convalescing from a battle wound ecstatically tells this fine story of his king. He says:

“I saw it with my own eyes. We were having our *rancio*, and the king came up and looked around to see that everything was in order. Then he noticed a territorial soldier, much older than the rest of us, sitting apart without touching his food and looking very sad. The king walked up to him and said, simple-like: ‘Are you sick, or do you not like the *rancio*?’ to both of which questions the soldier shook his head. Then his Majesty asks, ‘What ails you, my son?’ and the man answers so he could hardly keep back the tears: ‘Sire, when I left home one of my three children was very ill. I’ve had no news about him for nearly a month.’ Now, could you guess what the king of Italy then said? Well, these are his words: ‘I understand your worry; the thought of our children never leaves us, does it? But you should not waste yourself with anxiety simply because no letters have come; it’s a week that I don’t hear from home either, and I’m a father—with a good promising son too’—would you believe it? And then and there the king called one of his aides, ordered him to take the name and address of the family of the territorial, and to tele-

graph them at once in the king's name for news of the little boy."

Truly it can be said of King Victor Emmanuel as of David of old, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." All over Italy the people are shouting "Viva il Re! Viva il Re!"—"Long live the King! Long live the King!"

Another story is told of an Italian captain and his orderly who went to examine a battery which in a little while was to be inspected by the king.<sup>1</sup> Unexpectedly the Austrian's guns got the range and in a few moments they were in the midst of a lively fire. A shrapnel ball hit the captain who, as he fell, shouted to the orderly to run and save himself. Even the artillery men got in a panic and ran back, not even regarding the king's motor, which was moving up toward the front. The orderly refused to leave his officer, but tried to staunch the blood which was flowing freely from the wound; but the brave captain's life was soon gone out, and the orderly was heart-broken and excited to see the men running away; and hearing the king's motor sounding farther and farther away, he threw himself over the body of his dead captain, and moaned, "Even the king leaves us." He had hardly uttered the words when some one touched him on the shoulder, and, turning around, he saw the king himself standing before him as quietly as if there were no shells bursting on every side. The orderly arose, sa-

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<sup>1</sup>"Viva il Re!" by Gino C. Speranza, *The Outlook*, November 27, 1918.

luted, and stood at attention, trembling with fear, when the king said to him, "My son, the automobile has gone, but the king remains with his soldiers." They sat down together and in the midst of the bursting shells waited beside the captain's lifeless form until the stretcher-bearers came and carried it away. "Viva il Re!" Gentleness is a kingly virtue, and he only is king who serves and loves; and anyone who loves and ministers is a prince or princess, no matter what may or may not be his royal lineage.

He who would be chief among us must be the servant of all—and service is the measure of true greatness—and gentleness is the secret of service; and if our humble lives are filled with kindly ministries, we may be King's sons and King's daughters in the New Day.

The New Gentleness is the old gentleness anew—the gentleness which made Israel's warrior poet great in the long ago.

**IX**

**THE ROMANCE OF MAKING A LIFE—  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT**

"O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—*Micah 6. 8.*

(When visiting in Los Angeles, and asked for his autograph, Mr. Roosevelt wrote his name and the above Bible reference, and said that this was his favorite verse of Scripture.)

Any man who says he is an American, but something else also—he is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag.—*Roosevelt.*

In my judgment, no man in the history of America, not even Abraham Lincoln, did so much as Theodore Roosevelt to expedite the era of self-government.—*Lyman Abbott.*



## CHAPTER IX

### THE ROMANCE OF MAKING A LIFE— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ONE cannot make a study of the development and achievements of great men without feeling that the greatest thing in God's great world is not a towering mountain, nor a rolling sea, nor a sparkling jewel, nor a teeming city, nor a conquering army, nor an immortal poem, nor a transcendent philosophy, but far and away the greatest of all earthly products is a good and true man.

And no marvels are so enthralling as the manner in which a good heavenly Father can build his tallest souls out of humblest material. Not only, as in the olden times, is it the world's greatest law-giver out of a waif in a cradle in the Nile; and the mightiest warrior poet of his age from the lonesome isolation of a Judæan shepherd boy; and a nation's brilliant premier from a captive slave-boy providentially saved from a lion's den; and the most versatile theologian from a brave lad from a distant Tarsan province; and the world's incomparable Redeemer from the cattle-stall of a Bethlehem peasant's home in a hill; but in the succeeding centuries, as the loving scepter of the Nazarene Carpenter has been steadily gaining ascendancy over the heads and hearts of man-

kind, it is marvelous and romantic how God can take the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.

Now it is a picturesque man from the desert, in the plain garb of a monk, timidly coming to the voluptuous city of Rome and hurling himself between the brutal gladiators whose thirsty and indignant swords quickly drink his blood, but his sacrifice puts an end to the pagan atrocities of the Coliseum. And again it is a devout hermit making his way over hot deserts and inaccessible mountains to offer his prayer of adoration at the sacred shrines of his Lord's suffering and triumph; and finding the Holy City defiled by the foul desecrations of the unspeakable Saracen, he returns to his native land, and stirs all Europe to the memorable Crusades.

It is true that many of the world's greatest benefactors have literally had no places to lay their heads, but have spent their lives smoothing pillows for a suffering and forgotten humanity. John Wycliffe, John Hus, Peter Waldo, and Girolamo Savonarola all arose from the humblest surroundings to positions of honor and ministry, beside which knightly crowns are dimmed in their splendor and scepters are tarnished. As the tallest giants of the forest grow from the lowliest acorn, so God in the administration of the Kingdom often finds the beginnings of real greatness in humblest soil. The lad, who in maturity rocked the thrones of Europe and rebuked the

corruptions of a hierarchy shot through with avarice and perfidy, and broke the chains which had bound truth to pillars of superstition and oppression, was the son of a humble German slate-cutter, and by continuous manual labor worked his way through the University at Erfurt.

The greatest uplifting force in the civilization of the restless eighteenth century was the product of an obscure preacher's home in the parish of Epworth, England. The historians vie with each other in assigning to John Wesley his place. But who would have thought of stopping at the humble rectory where eighteen children crowded the narrow quarters, if he were seeking for a personality which was to awaken Britain and the world to a new sense of sin and to new ideals of righteousness.

How fascinating is this Romance of Making Men and through them building empires, and republics, and the Church of Christ? It was only a group of troublesome and inconsequential, but consecrated and sincere people who for their religious convictions were driven from England, and then made unwelcome in Holland; but the precious human cargo on the little Mayflower was the seed-corn of a new liberty—called to be the Messiah of the nations—a new incarnation of the Spirit of God in an age of freedom of conscience.

What shall be said of perhaps the most paradoxical and puzzling personality in European history? She was a child of the peasantry of France,

and never able to read and write, always chaste and modest in her character, but with a religious nature which was deepened by habits of meditation and secret prayer; and she was moved with an ardent patriotism, knowing that the rightful Prince, Charles the Dauphin, had remained uncrowned because of the presence and encroachments of a foreign army. She claimed to hear heavenly voices which commanded her to bring liberty to her people, and went forward at the head of a small army and drove out the invaders, and saw the successful issue of her ambitions in the coronation of Charles in the Cathedral of Reims. She was later charged with heresy and accused as a witch, and burned at the stake on the streets of Rouen, at the instance of the Roman Church, to which she belonged and for whose interests she had successfully led the military exploits. Joan of Arc, the beautiful and brave liberator of her people, holds a unique place in the annals of history.

The mystery of her mission and personality is even now acknowledged by the very brutal ecclesiasticism which put her to death, because only twenty-five years after her death, which occurred May 30, 1431, it revoked the sentence of disgrace by which she had been put to death, and upheld the reality of the young woman's divine mission and inspiration. With ruthless disregard for the fable of papal infallibility, our own generation has seen this noble national heroine canonized by

the successors of those who murdered her, a decree of beatification having been issued in 1908 in her behalf.

How patient God must be with his poor human creatures as with childish revenge, impetuosity, and frivolity, they play at the game of advancing the interests of mankind! The really greatest men and women of the world have been maligned and murdered by prejudice, ignorance, and superstition. It takes the world a long time to learn that while we should be most intolerant of hypocrisy and selfishness, as was Jesus when he denounced those who were as whited sepulchres filled with dead men's bones, we should be most tolerant and affectionately respectful of those who differ from us in their conscientious convictions and religious scruples. In essentials unity, in nonessentials charity, and fervent love one for another, should be our rule and aim.

When, in the evolution of the sublime principle of personal liberty, a leader must be found who could lead a divided nation into the promised land of peace, and freedom, and prosperity, it was from a log cabin in a Kentucky wilderness that the rail-splitter came forth to bear away in his strong arms the broken shackles of millions of his human brothers and sisters.

What a mighty force for righteousness the humblest of the humble may become when a brave heart responds to the impulses of divinity and to the sobs of a suffering humanity! God-

made men are the men upon whom the pivots of history have revolved. Sometimes the pivots have been worn out under the friction of stormy climaxes, but the epochs have turned, and the martyrs have been immortalized.

In that tragic hour, when in 1859 John Brown paid the penalty of his patriotism, John Wilkes Booth paraded pompously before the scaffold at the head of a company of Virginia militia, and there was not a tear of sympathy for the poor victim in all the gloating multitude which rejoiced in his execution, except in the eyes of a few Negroes; and especially was there a prayer and throb of sympathy in the heart of the mother whose little black baby was kissed by the martyr for liberty as he was marched to his death. Only six years later the bloody assassin's hand plunged our nation into a submerging flood of sorrow; and, to-day, while the name of the murderer is spoken with contempt and shame, John Brown's soul goes marching on and the sublime ideals for which he died are enshrined in the hearts of a grateful republic.

If there is anyone who was born in the same year with Theodore Roosevelt, and graduated from college in the same year, and began his professional or business life about the same time, and whose humble life efforts during the last thirty years have been paralleled by the prodigious endeavors and colossal achievements of this mighty man, he will feel a keen sense of personal bereave-

ment that America's most typical leader passed away in the very zenith of his extraordinary career. The true altitude of this, our great contemporaneous American, and the correct profile of his personality and power cannot be fully calculated until we shall be farther removed from his mountainous proportions.

He was a city boy and a rich man's son, and for forty years was a living denial of the aspersion that the sons of prosperity would not be equal to the strain and stress of a successful and useful life. Just when there was danger that our prosperous America would produce a generation of emasculated young men who had become softened by a pampered indulgence, out stepped a big, strong youth, a perfect David in his athletic proportions, and with rebuking severity he characterized as "mollycoddles" those who were losing their grip and purpose because of the enervation of wealth and ease. This rich man's son could break a wild horse like a cowboy and wrestle and box with experts.

If a man would undertake a big task, he must have a strong body, and so Roosevelt preached the gospel of physical exercise, and the result was that in the recent war no armies equaled the broad-shouldered, deep-chested, steel-muscled, and rich-red-blooded crusaders who crossed the stormy Atlantic and helped to drive a murderous militarism from the earth.

But this strenuous young American who made

his muscles tenacious in the cattle ranges of the Northwest had a far higher goal for himself than merely to be a sturdy animal. He possessed the robust conviction that the Creator gave the human animal a head and brain for the purpose of mastering the available principles of truth; and from the beginning of his public career he was a voracious reader and student, and a voluminous writer, and a ready speaker. Intellectually, Theodore Roosevelt was the most versatile man in public life. He knew the habitats and habits of insects and animals, and became an authority in natural history. He threaded tropical forests for remote specimens of life; and when in South America he sent back to the curator of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a rare species of moth because he knew that the museum did not contain it in a vast collection. He was a mighty Nimrod, but his hunting expeditions were not for sport merely but were postgraduate scientific studies.

He had a masterful acquaintance with science in many of its complex ramifications and he was a diligent student of biography and history; and was intimately acquainted with all the trends, epochs, climaxes, and complications of human events. As an essayist, author and book reviewer he had few, if any, superiors. In his strong body he had a virile, alert, keen, penetrating, versatile mind, which was under a high state of persistent cultivation.

But Theodore Roosevelt had ideals, and his



manliness compelled him to fight for them. In defending his political convictions he became a statesman. He was a thorn in the flesh to the unprincipled politician—he made himself a nuisance to the leaders of his party in New York because of his abrupt demands for honor and frankness; and to get him out of the way as a formidable candidate for future position he was deliberately buried, as it was planned and supposed, in the Vice-Presidency. The schemes of his political opponents proved the short-cut to greatness and power. Roosevelt's convictions made him a reformer, but he was one of the prophets whom the missiles of his enemies did not undo.

He was a fighter, not because he loved a skirmish or a battle, but because he was a defender of his faith and convictions. Convictions are some of God's thoughts which a man can comprehend, and a man who has real convictions feels himself responsible for his sacred custodianship. With his ideals he also had moral integrity, and his high moral altitude did not permit him to remain silent when his ideals were maligned or assailed.

In all his public utterances he was more the preacher than the politician. He was always talking about the victory of the right in the long run. He was no temporizer, or trimmer, or timeserver. He thought in straight lines, and he went after the enemies of the public good just as a man would leap upon a base intruder who would harm his wife or his daughter. He was always vehement.

As one has said, "He shot mosquitoes and battle-ships with the same gun." He was always like a refreshing breeze. There was a breath of purity about him, and the atmosphere was soon cleared when he appeared.

His convictions were so clear and ready and dynamic that he was impatient with delay. He felt justified in sharply criticising the administration for its dilatoriness in getting into the war, with which position many Americans sympathized.

After the world war had been going on for a year or two and America was humbled and insulted again and again by an arrogant Kaiserism, his book came out, entitled, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part." It created a tremendous sensation and was a well-directed blow against an insidious and immoral pacifism. Those who were always opposed to neutrality were glad to have this big chevalier of justice and truth say: "While we sit idly by while Belgium is being overwhelmed, and, rolling up our eyes, prattle with unctuous self-righteousness about the duty of neutrality, we show that we do not really fear God; on the contrary, we show an odious fear of the devil, and a mean readiness to serve him."<sup>1</sup> And again he wrote: "A flabby cosmopolitanism, especially if it expresses itself through a flabby pacifism, is not only silly, it is degrading. It represents national emasculation."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," by Theodore Roosevelt. Copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Co., Publishers.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

Mr. Roosevelt's character was re-enforced by a morality of such a noble type that he had the courage and virility of his convictions. It was his moral courage which made him a colonel in the Spanish-American War and the victorious leader of his picturesque Rough Riders; and was it not a pity when a hundred thousand valiant Americans wanted to follow the doughty Colonel into France to fight for democracy that this honor and privilege was not accorded to them? What if he was not the most technical soldier? Foch risked his reputation upon the military axiom that battles are not won materially but morally.

Verily, it was not another term in the White House that he was after, but as a father, husband, patriot, and friend of humanity he wanted to have a personal part in demolishing that nest of bloody Berlin bandits, and in humiliating the Kaiser demon in whose palace Roosevelt had been himself a guest.

This warm-hearted, affectionate man did not have a fiber of cowardice in his nature. When a Y. M. C. A. worker asked a hut full of Sammies in France to write on a slip of paper what they considered the greatest sin, every soldier wrote down "Cowardice" in the first place. To Roosevelt cowardice was the unpardonable sin—and belonged only to poltroons and perfidy. A few months ago he wrote to a friend in California that he earnestly agreed with the picturesque Davy Crockett when he said, "How I do love a man who

aint afeered!" Roosevelt was always "the man not afraid."

On the threshold of his political career, when a beardless youth in the New York Assembly, he was not afraid to prefer charges against a corrupt jurist, and he persisted, against the advice of his party leaders, until the corrupt judge deservedly lost his place on the bench.

Some people did not like what they called his "impulsive bellicosity," but there were many persons in this country who were afraid of this fearless man. He was both a corrective and a preventive, and no man in public life was ever so successful in "calling a spade a spade," and at the same time in maintaining his good nature and even the respect of the very people he sometimes caustically criticized.

If he was always as courageous, and sometimes as startling as a thunderbolt, he was also as transparent as a sunbeam. The inspiration of his courage was his confident trust in God, his ardent faith in his fellows, and his radiant nationality. O, he was an American! A glowing, a magnificent American!

He was our King Arthur of the Round Table of American Knighthood, ever ready to leap into the jousts and measure his shining lance with the enemies of true patriotism. His magnetic masculinity aroused the devotion of men and his chivalrous gallantry the admiration of women.

He had the prophetic, almost uncanny instinct

of an Isaiah and the godly valor of an Elijah. Woe to the modern prophets of Baal who encountered the unswerving faith and defiant fidelity of this mighty man of God.

While he was quick to resent an insult or an injury, he never vindictively nursed an enmity. Men loved him for his magnanimity and trusted him for his sincerity. Theodore Roosevelt was our beau-ideal of stalwart manliness.

He carried a copy of Plutarch's Lives in his side pocket, and became more heroic as he associated with the world's master builders of a former generation; and Bunyan's "Greatheart" was another of his soul ideals; and one of the maxims of his life was, "Better faithful than famous."

His fearlessness made him a natural leader. While other public men were cautiously waiting and weighing the results of their actions, Theodore Roosevelt hastened to discharge what he felt to be his duty regardless of his own political welfare, and about the only bitter things he ever said were in sharp, staccato, almost angry denunciation of cowardly men. Imagine he thought that the only persons who were certain to go to everlasting perdition were cowards.

And because "the bravest are the tenderest" never was a father more lovingly devoted to his children and loved by them. And the children of Oyster Bay will be lonesome without their good friend who was each returning Christmas the jolly, old village Santa Claus. And those who know say

that behind the usual happy exterior of this public man there was a broken heart which hastened his untimely end because of the death of his brave aviator son.

Once at the White House, when a silly society woman asked one of the Roosevelt boys if it were not disagreeable to associate with common boys in the public school, the child quickly replied, "My papa says there are only tall boys and short boys and good boys and bad boys, and that's all the kind of boys there are."

No doubt there will be many permanent and pretentious memorials of marble and bronze erected in honor of this most typical of Americans, but there will be none which could give to Mr. Roosevelt, if he were alive, half the personal gratification of the testimonial which his own children prepared for him when he returned victorious from the Spanish-American War. When he reached his home on Sagamore Hill he found all of his children congregated about a pole, from which floated a large flag which they had made with their own childish hands, and upon it was the inscription, "To Colonel Roosevelt."

It is said that the bronze visaged leader of the Rough Riders was moved to tears by this tender tribute of his own precious children.

I do not for a moment question the high motives of the courageous Rough Rider. He was a champion of humanity and nothing was foreign to him that concerned the welfare of the world. Hence

he spoke strong words against race suicide, and even in the Sorbonne in Paris, he said, "The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility, and the severest of all condemnations should be visited upon the willful sterile. The first essential in any civilization is that the man and woman shall be father and mother of healthy children, so that the race shall increase and not decrease."

And in that same lecture he said, "Shame on the man of cultivated taste who permits refinement to develop into a fastidiousness that unfits him for doing the rough work of a workaday world." And it was truly a notable and prophetic utterance, when visiting the Berlin University in May, 1910, he said, "Unjust war is to be abhorred; but woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it; and woe thrice to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge, loses the power to serve as a soldier if the day of need should arise."

In November, 1915, he said, bitterly indignant because America was to him unreasonably slow in entering the war: "Let us realize that the words of the weakling and the coward, of the pacifist and the poltroon are worthless to stop wrongdoing. Wrongdoing will only be stopped by men who are brave as well as just, who put honor above safety, who are true to a lofty ideal of duty, who prepare in advance to make their strength effective, and who shrink from no hazard, not even the hazard of

war, if necessary, in order to serve the great cause of righteousness.”<sup>1</sup>

He was always talking about justice, and the nation did not hear any better preaching than that which came from the lips of this Christian layman.

In May, 1910, when Mr. Roosevelt visited the young men at Cambridge University in England and was asked by them to talk about the conditions of success as demonstrated in his own career, he spoke to them frankly and most entertainingly. While he acknowledged that often there was an element of chance and that circumstances sometimes played an important part in success, he made this same notable statement:

“There are two kinds of success. One is the very rare kind that comes to a man who has the power to do what no one else has the power to do. That is genius. I am not discussing what form that genius takes; whether it is the genius of a man who can write a poem that no one else can write (‘The Ode on a Grecian Urn,’ for example, or ‘Helen, thy beauty is to me’) or of a man who can do one hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds. Such a man does what no one else can do. Only a very limited amount of the success of life comes to persons possessing genius. The average man who is successful—the average statesman, the average public servant, the average soldier, who wins what we call great success—is not a genius. He is a man who has merely the ordinary qualities

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<sup>1</sup>“Fear God and Take Your Own Part,” p. 333.



that he shares with his fellows, but who has developed those ordinary qualities to a more than ordinary degree."

And in concluding his practical and intimate address he said: "I don't think any President ever enjoyed himself more than I did. Moreover, I don't think any ex-President ever enjoyed himself more. I have enjoyed my life and my work because I thoroughly believe that success—the real success—does not depend upon the position you hold, but upon how you carry yourself in that position. There is no man here to-day who has not the chance so to shape his life after he leaves this university that he shall have the right to feel when his life ends that he has made a real success of it; and his making a real success of it does not in the least depend upon the prominence of the position he holds."

Private and unsophisticated citizens who visit Washington city are sometimes shocked beyond measure to hear of certain social scandals which sometimes involve men in high position, but in all the long public life of Theodore Roosevelt there has never been a suspicion against his private habits or character. Plutarch said long ago that "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." Mr. Roosevelt's character was absolutely unblemished in all his public career. He was never for an instant suspected of greed or graft, and, like his lamented predecessor McKinley, he was always a tender husband, and an affectionate father, and

a gallant home defender. He was an old-fashioned Christian politician and statesman of such high morality that even his worst enemies could find no openings in his armor as an upright and consistent Christian nobleman.

No fair-minded person will ever question the high motives and integrity of Theodore Roosevelt. A discriminating study of the character of this Christian statesman will reveal the simple truth that the strong sentiment of the ancient prophet Micah was fundamental in his life. If we should be as fair to him as he endeavored continually to be to others, we must acknowledge that Theodore Roosevelt earnestly sought to "do justly," and to "love mercy," and to "walk humbly" with his God. In the spring of 1918, when the whole world was hanging in the balance, he said, "The times are too big to warrant small motives." From the moment of his entrance as a boy in the early twenties into the political life of his State until he became the most conspicuous figure in a world full of big men, there never was a time when for Roosevelt the times were not "too big for small motives."

While we do not often think of him as a humble man, yet such was the case, and his humility made him the typical democrat. He was always found to be approachable and courteous. Booker T. Washington, a child of slavery, was as welcome at his dining table as Mr. Harriman the railroad magnate, and capitalists and labor leaders were

equally honored in his councilroom. He was in continual conferences with men who had expert knowledge on any subjects which had to do with humanity and government.

Because he was human and because he was always doing things and saying something, of course he would be likely to make some mistakes, but even his most virulent political enemy never dared to challenge the intentional high purpose of our typical American. He followed the leadings of divine ideals which beckoned to him from the heights, and he saw them because his eyes were steadfastly fixed upon the skies.

It is a wonder that a man of such impetuosity and pronounced opinions did not make more public blunders in judgment and administration. It is to be deeply regretted that for a time he left the party affiliations which had given him his great opportunity, and it was hardly less than a tragedy in friendship when he withdrew his support from his life-time friend and confidant, Mr. Taft, but all of that can now be passed over, because reparations, and reconciliations, and adjustments were so satisfactorily made that if he had lived, Mr. Roosevelt would without a doubt have been the candidate of his reunited party for the Presidency. And no finer eulogy and more discriminating and affectionate characterization of the departed hero will be written than that which Mr. Taft issued immediately upon the death of his friend. It was another beautiful attachment of

David and Jonathan—it was “Theodore and Will”—a friendship so true and tender that it could stand even the strain of a temporary estrangement. They were both big men, and Mr. Taft is more colossal than ever. Concerning his old friend he says: “He sent his four boys forth to war with the pride of a Roman tribune. Through his father’s tears for Quentin’s death there shone the stern joy that a son of his had been given to die the death he would himself have sought on the field of battle in his country’s cause. Theodore Roosevelt’s example of real sacrifice was of inestimable value to our country in this war. The nation has lost the most commanding, the most original, the most interesting and the most brilliant personality in American public life since Lincoln.”

The solemn truth is that Theodore Roosevelt, like McKinley and Garfield and the immortal Lincoln, was another supreme sacrifice for liberty. Lincoln made his sacrificial offering at the close of the Civil War, and McKinley after the Spanish-American War, and Theodore Roosevelt after the greatest world war. It is said that the death of one of his sons in France and the severe wound of another so grieved the heart of this proud and affectionate father that the disease which had troubled him since his scientific explorations in South America was aggravated, and on that night, even while he was in deep slumber, he slipped away—another martyr for democracy and righteousness. It is not forgotten that he had

borne for years a wound in his body inflicted by a would-be assassin, but happily his life was prolonged until he was enabled to engraft upon the public conscience many of his exalted national ideas.

There was no knight of the Round Table who was more magnificently chivalrous than Theodore Roosevelt. He was as stalwart and true as King Arthur, as pure and noble as Sir Percival. He was the avowed enemy of every person and thing which was evil. President Benjamin Harrison appointed him a United States Civil Service Commissioner, and he used to say of him that the only trouble he ever had with him was that Roosevelt wanted to put a prompt end to all the evils under the sun between sunrise and sunset. It was not easy for him to be patient with wrong conditions which could be quickly corrected if brave men would only stand up and demand their rights.

I do not say that Theodore Roosevelt was a Fortinbras. In fact, I think he was a bigger, brainier, better, a far more princely man than Fortinbras, but I do say he was not a weak, vacillating, invertebrate, procrastinating Hamlet. Roosevelt was a tremendous dynamo of action—always action. His life was a succession of action and reaction, but always action in some form. He never reached one goal without seeing another goal farther on, toward which his energetic spirit fared away.

I had an opportunity to observe at close range the true nobility of Mr. Roosevelt in Buffalo, when President McKinley was mortally wounded by the hand of a misguided assassin. At the first it was thought that Mr. McKinley could not live, and Mr. Roosevelt, as Vice-President, hastened to Buffalo. But when the physicians became more hopeful, and even trusted that the wounded man might make a successful recovery, Mr. Roosevelt, with the fine instincts of propriety, and to correct any impression that he was staying around Buffalo awaiting the honors which the tragedy of the President's death might thrust upon him, quickly departed; and when, after a few days, it became evident that Mr. McKinley could not live, it was with utmost difficulty that Mr. Roosevelt was located in his retreat in the Adirondack Mountains. He hastened to Buffalo, and on September 14, 1901, after the death of his chief, he took the oath of office. I well remember Mr. Roosevelt at the funeral services in Buffalo. His grief and humility were most sincere. He stood at the head of the casket, and as the brief service closed, in clear and reverent tones the President-elect joined with the minister in the Lord's Prayer, and immediately the entire company which filled the house were uniting in the comforting words of the familiar prayer. The multitudinous lovers of McKinley, who fondly pronounced him the ideal American, because of the attitude and spirit of his successor found it not difficult to transfer their

allegiance and support to Theodore Roosevelt, the noble, typical American.

He was fervently and almost extravagantly admired and loved by all the people. His familiar sobriquet of "Teddy" and "T. R." indicated how near he was to the heart of the American people. In his passing, the whole nation, women as well as men, the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the learned, the plebeian as well as the patrician, and even many of his political enemies, are sorely and sincerely bereaved.

He was a truly great man, and the future of a nation is assured which has the resourcefulness and virility to produce men of the courage, caliber, convictions, character, and chivalry of Theodore Roosevelt.

We will be lonesome without "Teddy"!

"Put out the light!" These were his last words. So anxious was he to live, and so much had he yet to do; and so much of a warrior was he to the end that the only way Death could be sure to get him, was to steal upon him in the darkness of the night when the light was out, and when he was in helpless and unconscious sleep.

"Put out the light!" Although the stars were dim,  
 What need of feeble flickering lamps to him  
 In that high-altared hour? The touch of sleep  
 Had brought remembrance of his tryst to keep—  
 A morning tryst—with God's gray messenger.  
 No sound—no cry—no hesitating stir;  
 His fearless soul long since had knelt and kissed  
 A waiting Cross; had borne it through life's mist

From an unlighted lone Gethsemane  
To the Christ-hallowed crest of Calvary.

“‘Put out the light!’ Men smile through falling tears,  
Remembering the courage of his years  
That stood, each one, for God, humanity  
And covenanted world-wide Liberty!  
The nation mourns. Laurel the chancel rail;  
Muffle the drums. Columbia’s banners trail  
Their grieving folds; but memories of him flame  
And light the deathless glory of his name.  
“‘Put out the light!’ He needs it not who won  
A place of permanence within the sun!”<sup>1</sup>

And when he answered the early morning summons there was plenty of light shining through the darkness from the golden city of God, and a reassuring voice which said, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

“He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.”

Yes, we are already lonesome without “Teddy.”

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<sup>1</sup>Edith Daley.



X

THE NEW MORALITY

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.—*Longfellow.*

Stitch—stitch—stitch!

In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt.”

—*Thomas Hood.*

Disease is the retribution of outraged nature.—*Hosea Ballou.*

## CHAPTER X

### THE NEW MORALITY

A GENERATION ago a somewhat conspicuous man, after he had listened to a scathing rebuke, by a faithful preacher, of the prevailing evils of the day of which fashionable society was especially guilty, with hot indignation denounced the utterances of the sermon by saying, "Things have come to a strange pass in the world when religion proposes to interfere with a man's private life."

It seems anomalous that any one could ever have supposed that a person could be a good churchman and at the same time an unmoral, and even an immoral, man in his personal life. It must, however, be charitably remembered that nearly all noblest ideals often have passed through long periods of evolution. Human slavery, which is now universally acknowledged to deserve John Wesley's characterization as "the sum of all villainies," was once regarded as a bulwark of the social organism.

It is not many years ago since alcohol was considered a useful and necessary stimulant and tonic, and it was regarded as highly impertinent for any person to propose to legally regulate the manufacture and sale of liquors, and was considered offensively fanatical for anyone

to suggest that there should be any legislation concerning how much, and when, and where any individual should indulge his taste and appetite for strong drink. A generation ago even a great political party denounced any such proposed procedure as sumptuary legislation, and asked for the suffrage of the people on that issue. But to-day, not only as a war but as a peace measure, America will soon be dry from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the reform of Prohibition is sweeping so mightily over the earth that in a few decades, it is safe to prognosticate, alcohol as a beverage will be driven out of the world into the limbo where feudalism, and Kaiserism, and human slavery, and thuggism are now submerged in oblivion.

The liquor traffic was wrong in principle because it licensed a few men to commercially exploit the natural appetite of men, and to make money at the expense of the health and homes and morals of their fellow men. The past tense is used because any statement will soon be out of date which refers to the curse of alcohol as a present evil.

This is the New Morality, and along with alcohol militarism also is fast retreating from the abodes of men. The League of Nations will provide better means for the settlement of national and international disputes than a return to the sanguinary methods of barbarism and Prussianism. With eight millions of brave men buried in the recent battlefields of Europe, and millions of survivors incapacitated by the casualties of conflict,

and with millions of broken hearts at home, and with widespread devastation from which there cannot be a recovery for generations, and with tragic losses which are forever irreparable, murderous war has made itself forever impossible. It was a fearful and unspeakable price to pay to convince mankind that there is a better way. This is also the New Morality.

Turning our attention now to conditions which still continue to menace the peace and happiness and prosperity and individual rights of mankind, it is evident that as the scepter of the New Morality increases its humane and kindly sway, another great curse will have to be driven out. It is an evil which while it is an effect is likewise the cause of much of the discomfort and degeneracy of the human family, and of the anarchy and revolution which now threaten the peace of the world. This evil is poverty. In the new day poverty must be abolished. Is this practicable? Is it possible? If we were to at once prove that it is impossible, we could go about and accomplish it at once, for to do the impossible is our heaven-commissioned task. To abolish poverty is an equally high ideal with the abolition of anarchy and militarism. The drastic reconstruction of war times gave the country meatless and wheatless days, lightless nights, and sweetless meals, all strictly imposed and gladly regarded that the war-riven countries might be saved from starvation, and that the fighting men might have plenty of good, sustaining

food; and the heaviest taxes in the history of the world have been willingly accepted upon incomes large and small, with hardly a protest and with no intimation of confiscation—all this in order to make the world a safe place in which to live. Is it not equally as practicable to adopt a similar scale of taxation upon the surplus wealth of the nation in order that multitudes of men and women and children who have not enough shall be provided for by those who have more than they need?

When the exigencies of war made big minds necessary to devise and administer just schemes for railroad operation and food conservation and income taxation, men of marked ability readily offered themselves to the service of the government. The problem of poverty will require the same devotion and sacrifice from the men of great souls and great intellects. No haphazard, desultory, spasmodic methods will suffice. Every individual case, either of one person or of a family, must be carefully studied and tabulated, and such provision made as will stimulate the earning capacity and give assistance without encouraging indolence. Indiscriminate giving to the poor perpetuates poverty and irritates rather than heals the wound.

Our gifts should not pauperize but personalize—they should strengthen and lengthen the arm and not shorten and enervate it. Before poverty can be abolished there must be a more equal distribution of wealth. The wealth of

this nation reaches into the multiplied millions. Of this vast amount it is said that one fifth is owned by three per cent of the people, one half by nine per cent, and less than one third of the wealth is owned by ninety-one per cent of the people. About half of the families in the United States are not property owners; seven-eighths of the families own only one eighth of the wealth, and the startling statement is made that one per cent of the families own more property than the remaining ninety-nine per cent.

Manifestly, here is a condition which will need the shrewd statesmanship of the most unselfish and brilliant citizens to understand and correct.

Is it not evident that the heavier taxes should be paid by those who profit by the "unearned increment" of their own unimproved property, and less tax should be levied upon the improvements on the land?

All over this country there are people vastly benefiting by simply allowing their land to be unsold and unimproved, while those who with much economy are building their homes are paying additional taxes for thus adding to the beauty of the city and the value of its real estate.

The slums must be abolished. Foul homes cannot produce pure characters. The crowded tenement house ought soon to be a thing of the past. In positive self-defense the city will be compelled to colonize the slums, and if necessary furnish free transportation from suburban colonies to places of

work in the city. The submerged tenth need pure air and sunshine. It is now a generation since George Peabody furnished more than five thousand homes for the artisan and laboring classes of London, available at easy rental terms. In this is the practical suggestion of what can be done to relieve the congested sections of the cities. The Peabody fund has doubled since it was first given by the princely benefactor. Such benefactions are not alms, they furnish opportunity, and prove in the end to be a good business investment. It is not alms that the poor want, but opportunity, not charity, but a chance. Men are not all born leaders, or even provident. The man who lacks initiative is often a first-class workman, but somebody has to plan for him, and help him to find the task for which he is fitted.

All men are born equal before the law; but in physical and mental strength, in business qualifications, in ability to make a dollar and save a part of it, in resourcefulness and ingenuity, men are born very unequal; and those who are strong in these things should bear the infirmities of the weak—that's the New Morality.

The abolition of poverty is not the wild dream of an impracticable visionary. Plutarch says that in Athens during the time of Solon there were none who asked for alms, and that no citizen lived or died in want; and that this was owing to the laws against idleness and prodigality, and the care which the Areopagus took that every man should



have a visible livelihood. What was done in the classic days of pagan Greece certainly ought to be duplicated in the modern cities of Christian America.

Proudhon, the modern French philosopher, only encourages anarchy and dynamite when he says: "Property is robbery." Property should mean industry, frugality, peace, opportunity, and blessing, and if to any man property means robbery, that man should be peremptorily punished.

Henry George<sup>1</sup> tells of a very rich man who said to a newspaper man at the completion of a large enterprise out of which he had made millions, "We have been particularly favored by Divine Providence; iron never was so cheap before, and labor was a drug in the market."

This selfish old Cræsus was thus glad to profit at the expense of a cheap wage to labor; and made his blighting avarice more contemptible and ignominious by charging it up to Divine Providence.

Humanity has indeed fallen among the thieves of poverty and woe and disease. In these days of abundance and great fortunes the helpless should be cared for and the indolent should be compelled to work. It is the imperative duty of the man with vast riches to solve the problem of the man of vast poverty, for it is more often the case that neither deserves either honor or contempt for his condition; one may be the victim, and the other the beneficiary of circumstances.

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<sup>1</sup>Social Problems, p. 105.

Not long since, under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, in a garret room, by the dull light of an oil lamp, sat a woman double stitching seamed overalls for four cents a pair. By her side sat a pinch-faced large-eyed child of four years, who by sewing on buttons enabled her mother to earn three dollars and seventy-five cents in a week of fourteen hours a day for seven days. Do you wonder that when a kind-faced woman came with a ministry of love, she was met with: "God! Why do you preach to me of God? I tell you there is no God for the poor—no heaven. There is no hell except this life, and no devils except the men who grind the lives of women and children into dollars and cents!"

It is a strange comment on our selfishness that we have been so slow in equalizing our surplus wealth among those who have not enough; but, thank God, the heart of humanity grows kindlier as the years hurry. Submerging poverty seems to have more compensations than enervating wealth, but it is the elimination of both of these evils which we should seek that the happy consummations in all walks of life may be greater.

I think it was quaint old Walt Whitman who said one day, "Half of my coat is mine"—and society will some day be reconstructed upon the scriptural principle that "we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." Certainly, it is only social equity that if my brother is starving, and naked, and lonely, then

only "half of my coat is mine," for the other half belongs to him; and he should as well have a place at my comfortable fireside, and in one of my extra beds. "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" More persons are losing their happiness in life because they will not share with others than because they are openly committing sin. There are few sins more heinous and deadly than selfishness. God will more quickly forgive the excess of some natural appetite or passion than he will forgive us for not ministering to a worthy humanity about us, who would be happy and comfortable if they could only have our surplus, which we do not need, and which usually goes in extravagant indulgences. How much of my coat is mine?

Yes, "half of my coat is mine." It was a bitter winter night when a Russian soldier was battling his way with difficulty to his barracks through a blinding storm. Suddenly his path was obstructed by a poor, unfortunate man who was perishing in the cold. Immediately the brave soldier removed his warm military cloak, and with his sharp sword he severed it in twain, and handing a part of it to the suffering stranger, he said, "Half for thee and half for me."

That night, as the soldier was sleeping on his cot, a vision filled his rude cell with heavenly light, and Jesus, the Lord, appeared to him, and, in words of ineffable sweetness, he spoke to him and

said, "Half of thy coat thou didst give to me, and part of my glory I will share with thee."

If we would have comradeship with our Lord, and if we would enjoy the exquisite brightness of his radiant presence, it will be only as we generously minister to those whom harsh and cruel circumstances have deprived of the joys, and comforts, and necessities of life! "Half of my coat is mine!"

Poverty will some day be abolished and the prayer of Agur will be realized: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." That is part of the New Morality.

Many deserving men by reason of their limitations cannot earn money enough to properly care for their families. There should be a fund built up from a reasonable taxation upon the incomes of the prosperous by which bounties could be wisely given in addition to the wages of those worthy men whose earning capacity is not equal to their sacred obligations. This is the New Morality.

The first great and notable victory which General Pershing won for the cause of humanity, and one which made his later triumphs all the more certain, if not inevitable, was in the successful campaign which he waged against immorality among the American soldiers in France. He has the distinction of being the first great military commander to fully appreciate the significance of combating and preventing impurity and consequent diseases in the army.

From time immemorial we have heard of the

necessary evil and among soldiers in particular it was believed to be utterly impossible to prevent more or less dissolute living. To begin with things fundamental, of course there is no such thing as a necessary evil; only good is necessary. The fact that a thing is evil is evidence that it is not in harmony with the purposes of nature, and is, therefore, not necessary and permanent. Evil is not the rule of the universe, but law and order and goodness. Evil prevails only when proud man interposes his haughty, defiant will. If only evil were found in nature, the universe would soon be enveloped in chaos. It is obedience to law, which is the same as saying obedience to goodness, which sustains all force and energy. Evil in the moral realm is disobedience to the order which is necessary for stability and progress. It is good which is necessary; there is not a single evil which is necessary; anything which is necessary is good, and its product is goodness. The social evil, whether in the army or out of it, is not a necessity to the well-being of society; on the contrary, it is an acknowledged menace and curse, the penalty of which is an abomination of disease which in some medical books is designated a plague.

Nothing is necessary which debauches the mind and the body, and which transforms respectable, and useful, and healthful humans into miserable degenerates. Prove anything to be necessary, and you have proved it to be benign, and benevolent, and stimulating, and ennobling.

Those who have opposed the social evil in the past have frequently been denounced as prudes and Puritans and fanatics. Upon the false hypothesis that only regulation was the sensible and practical procedure, many of the European army authorities provided for what were considered the physical requirements of the soldiers. In France for many decades it has been agreed that prohibition was impossible, and so a system of licenses and inspection was adopted.

General Pershing was intrusted by the mothers of America with millions of their sons. Most of these young men were hardly more than boys; many of them were still in school. The big soldier dared to face the skepticism and derision of those army officials who stood for toleration, and regulation, and inspection, and declared himself a firm believer in enforced prohibition. He adopted drastic methods of suppression, and punishment, and education. He has demonstrated that this evil is no more a necessary evil than any other evil. The vicinity of the camps was placed under stern and vigorous surveillance. "The measures were thorough and without parallel." Officers who contracted disease were court-martialed. One commander who accepted an offer to take over a licensed house for American soldiers was removed and the despicable house was put "out of bounds." "An order urging sexual continence and the maintenance of high moral standards of living was followed by search for brothels, the stationing of mili-

tary police to refuse access to whole districts which had been put out of bounds, the enforcing of scientific treatment of men who had been exposed, and punishment for all who evaded treatment or disobeyed prohibitory regulations."

It can be stated on the authority of Raymond B. Fosdick, who was chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, that in one French port where the disreputable houses had been open for three months and were then closed for three months, the rate of disease decreased from sixteen to two per thousand men. Under the regime of the brave general, diseases from immorality became almost negligible. In France three hospitals with one thousand beds each had been built and equipped to treat the Americans who contracted social diseases, and not one of those three hospitals was ever used. In one group of seven thousand four hundred and one men there was only one case of venereal disease developed in seven weeks.

After trying out his high Christian purpose in this problem, which has baffled military officers and civilian statesmen for generations, General Pershing says that it is now his profound conviction, based upon experience, that "abolition, as distinguished from regulation, is the only effective mode of combating this age-long evil."

This is a momentous statement and marks an epoch in the progress of morality. The war is now over, but General Pershing's demonstration re-

mains, and in these reconstruction days which are following the war shall it not be one of the purposes and goals of the New Morality to go after the social evil and completely eradicate it just as slavery and alcohol have been prohibited, and just as poverty and disease and crime must be reduced to the vanishing point?

Shall it be said that it was safer for our boys to be in the army with a chance of being killed but protected from social vices than to be at home in beautiful and home-loving America? The menace of immorality can be and should be peremptorily removed. Every city and town in America should be thoroughly purged until the curse of impurity and the wide-spreading plague shall entirely disappear from a country which has been too long cursed with this blighting leprous misery.

Despicable as the priest and Levite who passed by on the other side may appear to be to us to-day, yet with covered faces we are compelled to confess that the wails and wounds and squalor and profanities and impurities of the poor and sinful have sometimes aroused revulsion and not compassion in our bosoms. We must keep a large heart brimful of tenderness, or our aversion for filth will make us disgusted with the poor, and our aversion for intemperance will make us disgusted with the drunken, and our abhorrence for impurity will make us disgusted with the fallen, and our indignation against hypocrisy will make us disgusted with the hypocrite.



Until we have overcome a natural repulsion for the odors, scenes, and foulness of those suffering from poverties and sins, we do all of our benefactions by proxy. We delegate to various organizations our ministries by furnishing money for others to dispense; but the really "good" Samaritan renders a personal service by himself binding up the wounds, and pouring in the healing oil, and placing the unfortunate traveler on his own beast, and bringing him to an inn.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Some years ago Mr. Moody made a humiliating and tearful confession one night when he was holding a meeting in Santa Cruz, California. It was in the spring of 1899. On his way from Oakland to Santa Cruz there came into the train a company of young men who filled the coach with their profanity and the fumes of liquor, and one noisy man had a badly bruised, bleeding face and a swollen eye. This repulsive-looking fellow immediately recognized Mr. Moody and began to sing some of Moody's songs, and to indulge in jokes and jibes against the great evangelist. Mr. Moody became very indignant and seized his handbag and denounced the whole proceedings and went into another part of the car. After a while the conductor came in, and he persuaded the fellow with the bruised face and swollen eye to go with him into the baggage car, where the conductor bathed

his wounds, and before long the poor fellow had dropped off to sleep. That night Mr. Moody publicly confessed his chagrin and sorrow that he had utterly failed to act the part of the good Samaritan to this pitiable fellow who had indeed fallen among the thieves of the liquor traffic.

The good Samaritan was in a hostile country, in which he was hated and ostracized, yet so full was his heart of real compassion that he could even minister to one of his enemies, and gladly do for him what those who were set apart to do failed to do.

In San Francisco not many years ago a newspaper reporter, sick and friendless and alone, was much surprised when one day Robert Louis Stevenson came to his bedside and said to him: "I suppose you are like all of us—you don't keep your money. I thought you might want a little loan as between one man of letters and another—eh?"

I come more and more to believe that if any person would be a good Jew, or a good Gentile, or a good Protestant, or a good Catholic, or a good American, or a good Britisher, he must first of all, and always, be a good Samaritan.

It is not easy to divest some very devout but misguided people of the notion that disease is in the world as a part of God's disciplinary plan in training his people into obedience and righteousness. But to make our heavenly Father the author of disease is just as wicked as to make him responsible for all sin and crime. God does not

send disease—it can all be traced to broken laws, and it would not be consistent with God's character to lead his helpless children into the breaking of laws in order to teach them respect for law.

Since there are no effects without an antecedent cause, all physical and mental ailments are the results of established laws which have been ruthlessly or ignorantly disregarded.

Faithful physicians are diligently seeking to find specifics for disease, and their scientific triumphs lead them to believe that somewhere in nature or in chemistry there will be found cures and preventives for all the ailments which afflict mankind.

These results cannot be attained by foolishly and fanatically declaring that there is no such thing as sickness or pain, but in steadily pursuing the murderous bacteria of disease until they shall be overtaken as were the savage bandits of militarism. It should be a part of the New Morality to give every possible encouragement to those brilliant scientists who are bending over culture tubes and often as voluntary exiles in their laboratories are devoting their extraordinary genius to the causes and prevention of disease. They are devoted friends of humanity.

It is gratifying to note that it is announced that the Rockefeller Foundation with its endowment of one hundred millions of dollars, after diverting its activities for four years to war relief and army welfare, in which it expended more than twenty

millions of dollars, has already resumed its regular work of seeking to rid the world of disease. Disease belongs in the same category with poverty and crime and militarism and diabolism and anarchy, and cannot be tolerated in that well-ordered condition which lies before the world when all people shall seek to regard the laws of their physical being with the same reverence as they regard the laws of their spiritual natures.

It is related that New York's most celebrated surgeon once went over to a tenement house on the East Side and performed an operation upon a little girl, who would surely have died but for the well-known skill of this brilliant physician. As he was leaving the humble apartment the grateful father gave him a quarter—it was all he had, but Dr. Bull was happier than if he had received a five-thousand-dollar fee from a wealthy patient. And when that good doctor died a whole city went into mourning for him.

Down at our city jail the other day a trusted prisoner was sweeping an outer corridor. The quiet eye of an alert guard saw the man stoop down and pick up something, and hastily thrust it into his blouse. Was it a jewel of value, or a shining blade by which he could gain his freedom, or a lost coin? The trusty was called to the desk, and prison austerity demanded him to show what he had so clandestinely concealed about his person. The man blushed and hesitated, but slowly obeyed, and drew out from his bosom a faded rose

—and when the stern countenance of the jailer relaxed there was a tear in the eye of the prisoner.

“What care I for caste or creed?  
It is the deed, it is the deed;  
What for class or what for clan?  
It is the man, it is the man;  
Heirs of love and joy and woe,  
Who is high and who is low?  
Mountain, valley, sky, and sea,  
Are for all humanity.

“What care I for robe or stole?  
It is the soul, it is the soul;  
What for crown, or what for crest?  
It is the heart within the breast;  
It is the faith, it is the hope,  
It is the struggle up the slope;  
It is the brain and eye to see  
One God and one humanity.”

**This is the New Morality!**



**XI**  
**THE NEW DAY**

From marge to marge across the sky,  
God's hand is reaching wide;  
And every tyranny shall die,  
As dies the Tyrant's pride;  
For God's new day is at the dawn,  
His light is on the sky;  
And Liberty is hasting on,  
Where Freedom's guns reply;  
God's glad new day is at the door,  
His skies are white with noon;  
And freedom's winds their fragrance pour,  
Like fragrances of June.

—*Charles Coke Woods.*

Out of eternity this New Day is born.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Each day the world is born anew  
For him who takes it rightly.

—*Lowell.*



## CHAPTER XI

### THE NEW DAY

IN the hospitable Hostess House at Camp Kearny you may see inscribed over the huge fireplace with its crackling logs and cordial comfort the noble words of the Lifegiver who tasted death for every man: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

In all nature death abounds that life may much more abound. God in his mercy and goodness administers a divine law of compensation, in favor of order out of chaos, and happiness out of sorrow, and light out of darkness, and good out of evil, and love out of hate, and life out of death. It is one of the miracles of spiritual physics. In nature, action and reaction are equal, but God, standing within the shadows, keeping watch above his own, graciously provides that all the reactions of the moral universe shall be more than equal and shall steadily advance the interests of order and happiness and light and goodness and love and life. An art critic declares that he reaches all his judgments as to the merit of music, or painting, or sculpture, or literature by one test, "Has the hatred of life or the love of life been at work here?" Indeed, there can be no other basis of criticism. No man who is a misanthrope or a cynic can in-

terpret life; only those who are exuberantly in love with life can scale its summits or fathom its depths.

I had just reached the writing of this phrase "exuberantly in love with life" when the morning sun slipped up over the horizon, and spilled its golden glory over desk and manuscript and in riotous beauty bade the world a radiant good morning. Out of the rains and shadows of the night a new day was born; the birds attuned their songs, and the flowers began to straighten up their drooping heads, and the callas lifted up their white chalices for a draught of new life. Birds and sky and sea, silent mountain and picturesque landscape, barnyard fowl, all awoke in a prompt and blissful responsiveness to the source of life and light and power and beauty; and the old, new sun seemed to say, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Love unlocks all of life's richest treasures, and the love of life will reveal the fullness of blessing which Christ came to bestow.

No one can be "exuberantly in love with life" and not find his own life enlarging and the lives of those about him improved. Life is contagious, and we cannot enter into the fullness of life ourselves and all life fail to be enriched.

Christ's message to the world was life and life "more abundantly." The mission of Christianity in the world all can be compacted in these four

letters L-I-F-E. Christianity goes into paganism, where the blight of death is over all, and saves the lives of the babies and the women. It lifts the pall which deadens the mental life of ignorance and superstition, and it fosters the life of soul and spirit. Christianity in civilized lands places a steadily higher appraisal on life, and the measure of the service of any profession or philanthropy is its protection and enlargement of life. Child-labor must go because it imperils life; the liquor traffic is forever doomed because it destroys life; all vice is despicable because its victim is life. None is more highly honored and beloved than the faithful physician and surgeon because the conservation of life is his one supreme purpose; and the greatest triumphs of genius in the late war were not in the monstrous fighting machines which devastated and destroyed, but in the marvelous resourcefulness of the medical corps as they were able to conserve and recover the lives of the soldiers. The preventives, cures, and surgical triumphs have been, indeed, the miracles of the awful war.

This is the day of sacrifice and service, and men and nations are finding the supremest goals of happiness in service and sacrifice. To be sure, for years as Christian virtues these graces have been inculcated and practiced, but they have now become the daily exercises of all true citizens and patriots. Whoever supposed that for the benefit of those whom we have never seen, and for the

future prosperity of our own country which we may never live to enjoy, our whole nation would gladly submit to such heavy restrictions and taxes? The American people will never go back to a provincial and ironical indifference to what have been called foreign missions, or to a cold-hearted disregard of those who live in poverty and vice in the purlieus of our great cities. Suddenly the woes and joys of others have become the joys and woes of ourselves. During the war in Belgium the man in charge of the public food distribution station could not find women to do the cleaning and scrubbing. He was directed to the home of a noble Belgian woman for advice, where he found a group of titled women assembled. When he stated that women were not available for these menial tasks these elegant women themselves volunteered, and daily a sufficient number of the women reported at the food depot to wash the dishes and scrub the floors. It is also told that one of the leading society women of New York found herself, in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts in France, serving coffee to a soldier boy who the summer before had been a dining-room servant on her private yacht.

One of the most incomprehensible things in the world is that great Christian denominations should be kept asunder by some unessential belief or polity that has positively nothing to do with saving a world from sin. Peter, and Paul, and Constantine, and Augustine, and Luther, and Wesley,

and Calvin have rendered mighty service to the cause of truth, but when teachers of truth devote themselves to Peter alone, they get the Roman Church; or to Constantine, the Greek Church; or to Luther, the Lutheran Church; or to Calvin, the Presbyterian Church; or to Alexander Campbell, the Christian Church; or to Wesley, the Methodist Church—each with a modicum of truth; but it is only when they give themselves wholly to a study of the Christ that they get Christianity.

When we get the real Christ, the Christ of Thomas and Philip, the Christ who is “the way, the truth and the life,” how small do these denominational differences appear!

It is Christ and not creed! Is it not beyond credence that a church could be founded upon a theory that sudden conversion was the only salvation; or that the quantity of water only would determine salvation; or that salvation was only for a chosen few, when Jesus Christ in his thrilling ministry never said a word about the mode of baptism, or the time of conversion, or the number of the elect? Can we not hear the Master sadly say, “Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?”

Christ did not come to save dogma but to save life—to save sinners, not to save saints. One would like to see the forgetting of all distinctively denominational names. It is anomalous that the followers of Jesus shall be known as Methodists because they are methodical, and Episcopalians

because they have bishops, or Congregationalists, because their government is vested in the congregation, or the Presbyterians from a Greek word that very few people would recognize if they met it in the street, when there is the beautiful, all-inclusive name of "Christian," first given to the followers of Jesus in derision.

Only essentials count. Christ is essential; service is essential; truth is an essential; pardon is an essential; vision is an essential; purity is an essential; righteousness is an essential; justice is an essential; courage is an essential; character is an essential; peace is an essential; faith, hope, love are essentials. When we take Christ, the Great Essential, we have all of these. Christianity is Christianity—Christ is Christianity.

Is this New Day to begin with the physical reappearing of Jesus Christ? There are many sincere people who are confidently looking for the immediate coming of Christ, that he may set up his earthly kingdom, but these are hopes born of the misgivings of some of the Master's devoted but timid followers. They have persuaded themselves that truth cannot win in the conflict with error, that there is not power enough in the gospel to save the world from wreck and ruin, and that Jesus must come in person to prevent the catastrophe of sin.

Many persons have never shared in the belief that the gospel would lose its power, or the blood of Jesus its efficacy to redeem; and hence are not

thinking of the New Day as being ushered in by the physical return of Jesus, but are just as confidently believing that the sunburst of the New Day will witness such a coming of the spirit of Jesus, and such a recognition of the gospel of Christ as have never before been known. Christ is the Day spring of the New Morning—Christ is the New Day. Not Christ appearing in physical person in Jerusalem, or Shanghai, or London, or New York, or Los Angeles, but Christ coming everywhere in the power of the truth he taught, and the sacrifice he made once and forever two thousand years ago; everywhere from Jerusalem to Japan, from Damascus to Iceland, from the manger in Bethlehem to the crowded tenement in the city slums, to the gorgeous palaces of the rich, to the haunts of brilliant scholarship.

Vicarious sacrifice has come to have a new meaning in these epochal days. How many there are who have suffered and even died that others might live, and among the noble martyrs whose names will be emblazoned in galaxies of fame we think of those just as noble whose sufferings and deeds of valor will never be sung. Have you heard of the ammunition runners? They were the brave men who supplied the daring fighters who went over the top and across No Man's Land and into the enemy's trenches. These runners kept their comrades so well supplied with ammunition that any ground which was taken could be held; but so furious was the fire that four out of five of those

faithful runners were hit and many surrendered their lives.

How many noble souls in the battles of life make the supreme sacrifice "unwept, unhonored, and unsung"? How many holy women, like beautiful Rachel, go down into the valley of motherhood and the baby comes back alone? How many brilliant investigators, like the lamented Pasteur, willingly surrender their own lives that specifics may be found for disease? Never has there been an hour when men hold to their own lives less tenaciously in order that the world may be made a safe place in which to live. The Redondo Beach High School boy who lost his life at the front, comforted his mother when he enlisted in the Marines by saying: "Don't worry, mother; we can only die once, and one might as well die for his country." And as for money, all truly righteous people are despising it to-day except for what it will do to advance the cause of truth and purchase immunity from suffering and autocracy.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote from the East to her relatives in Los Angeles that during a visit from Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, who had just returned from the battle front in Europe, he related to her the interesting story of how a Negro soldier was the first American to receive the Croix de Guerre, with the accompanying palm branch decoration from the French government. Many others before him received the cross alone, but the distinguished honor has been conferred upon this



hero in ebony of the additional palm decoration, together with the cross.

Mr. Cobb said that a French general visited the hospital where the colored man was recovering from wounds received in the brave encounter which almost cost him his life, and pinned the cross and the palm decoration upon his breast, and then the officer stooped down and kissed him upon both cheeks.

In these tragic and memorable days, when yellow men and brown men and black men and white men have been fighting side by side in response to the call of God and humanity, to make the world a safe place for mothers and their babies, and to defend democracy from the savage butchers of Berlin, is it not time to put aside all racial prejudices and discriminations?

Yes, a New Day has dawned! There is a new resurrection. The men from the front wrote us that they found God in the trenches. They told us that their doubts all slipped away. Men had no trouble in believing in miracles at the front because of the many marvelous escapes; and, as they were giving their effort and lives for others, a long-lost, child-like faith in God crept back into their hearts. A soldier said, no doubt depreciating his own humble fidelity: "That's a part of the glory of the trenches, that even a man who has not been very good can crucify himself and hang beside Christ in the end."

Men gave up their lives as easily as they lay

down to sleep. When a suffocating gas attack was made by the enemy, all the defending soldiers clasped on their masks quickly, but there were two men, who were at the guns, who could not do accurate work with their faces covered, and so they continued at their posts until they were overcome and were carried to the rear; but there were always two other men anxious and ready to step into the vacant places.

At the battle of the Somme it was necessary for the officers in charge of the artillery to know the exact location of the advancing infantry ahead of them, in order that reinforcements could be brought up and the supporting fire could be properly directed. The infantry which had advanced too far were signaling messages, and a reply must be promptly wigwagged back to them in order that they might hold their position until the guns could be brought up a little closer. The infantry needed to know that reinforcements were on the way, that they might hold out a little longer. It was certain death to the soldier who would signal the message, "Help is coming," to the imperiled infantry, for the Huns were spotting every head in sight; but the soldier whose duty it was to wigwag that message never hesitated an instant. He climbed "over the top," ran to a slight eminence; unfurled his white flag and signaled the message, "Hold out—help is coming!" And a Hun sniper picked him off. He was a Canadian; hardly more than a boy, but "it was

what he wanted to do." "He saved others, himself he could not save." The soldier who related the story said, "That's the kind of peep at God we get on the western front. It isn't a sad peep either. When men die for something worth while, death loses all its terror."<sup>1</sup>

A California boy, a Harvard graduate, wrote a long letter from France to his grandmother, telling her about their Christmas celebration at the front. After most enjoyable Yule-tide festivities three of the boys slipped away from the camp and went to a village not far away where they might further indulge their good Christmas appetites. As they were returning homeward in the clear moonlight they heard a baby cry, and upon investigation found a most poverty-stricken little shack, in which was a baby nursing at its mother's bosom, and there was a man poorly clad, and evidently very tired, asleep on a rude bed on the floor. There was every evidence of dire necessity, and the baby especially appealed to the soldier boys, for was it not the Christmas time? So they counted their money and found that one had only a franc, another had nothing, and the third had nothing less than a hundred-franc note—about twenty dollars. They felt that the one amount was too small and the other too large, and so they departed without offering any assistance except to express their sympathy. As they continued back to the camp and went up over a hill the clouds cleared away

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<sup>1</sup>Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson.

and a particularly large and beautiful star poured its bright beams upon them. As they stopped to express their admiration, one of the boys suggested that it was so brilliant and hung so low that it reminded him of the Star of Bethlehem that directed the steps of the Three Wise Men. And with one accord they retraced their steps, these three American boys, modern Wise Men of the new yet ever old evangel, and came once again to the baby and its mother, in a place quite as poor and rude as the lowly manger of the long ago, and there they poured out all their treasure as did their prototypes in Bethlehem.

Yes, it is a New Day—it is the Day of the Greater Love! “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” “Der Tag” of Prussianism was a day of slaughter and frightfulness. The New Day of the new world will end forever human fiendishness.

Down at Cape May one day the wire which controlled the steering apparatus of a hydro-airplane broke, and the plane plunged fifty feet to the ground. The gasoline tanks exploded and the machine and its two occupants were enveloped in a whirlwind of flame. Ensign Weed quickly unstrapped himself and with his clothes afire ran toward the ocean, and in a moment he would have been safe, but, looking back, he discovered that his companion, William Bennett, was still bound in the plane. He rushed back and extricated Bennett. By this time both men were a mass of

flames, and the heat was so intense that the crystals of their watches were melted. They struggled toward the sea. Bennett fell, breaking his nose; Weed stumbled, but he succeeded in dragging his helpless friend into the water, where the fire was soon extinguished. They were hurried to the base hospital. Bennett survived nearly a week, but heroic Ensign Weed died immediately, not from the burns, though they were fearful, but from inhaling the flames. Died, and yet he lived, lived in that larger and holier life where those men never die, who, in response to the Greater Love, gladly, promptly, gallantly give up their own lives that others may live. Never have there been so many Christlike imitations of the Greater Love; and no one man ever surrenders his own life that another may live, but that all lives are enriched and hallowed by his sacred sacrifice. This is the holy significance of this New Day.

When a British soldier was asked, "Where did you lose your arm?" he replied quickly, "I did not lose it; I gave it." This is the holy spirit of the New Day.

"Out of the shadows of the night,  
The earth rolls into the light;  
It is daybreak everywhere!"











Book is under no other  
taken from the Buil

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